

52 PAGES—THE BEST BUY IN COMICS

Shadow COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

VOL. 7 NO. 3

JUNE 1947

10¢

Crime
UNDER
the Border



the Shadow

Unearths Crime Under the Border

MANY AND VARIED ARE THE SHADOW'S CAMPAIGNS AGAINST CRIME....ALWAYS HE PROVES THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY, EVEN WHEN MASTER MINDS ALREADY HAVE WEALTH IN WHICH TO DEAL.....HERE IS A CASE WHERE THE BITTER FRUITS WERE TASTED BY A MAN WHO HAD ALREADY GROWN AND REAPED HIS WEEDS OF CRIME!!! THE SHADOW KNOWS!!!



Allen H. Grammer, Associate Editor

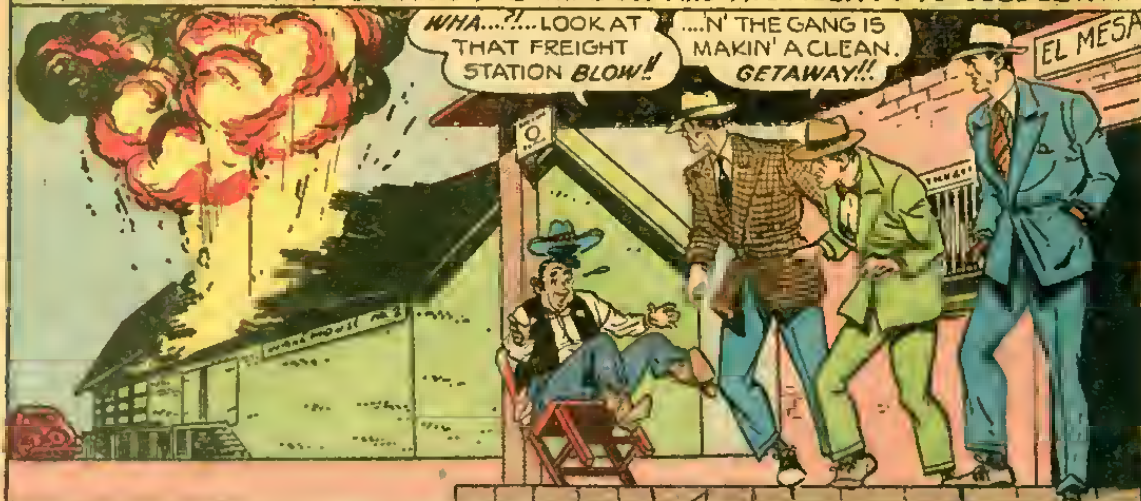
Wm. J. deGrouchy, Editor

Charles J. Rovel, Art Editor

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IN THE BORDER TOWN OF EL MESA, A SINGULAR OUTCROP OF SMUGGLING, OUTLAWRY AND OTHER FORMS OF CRIME BRINGS THE SHADOW AND HIS AGENTS TO SUBDUE IT...



WHA...?!...LOOK AT THAT FREIGHT STATION BLOW!!

...N' THE GANG IS MAKIN' A CLEAN GETAWAY!!

EL MESA

WELL, SHERIFF!!... EVIDENTLY THE WAREHOUSE WAS BLOWN UP TO DESTROY EVIDENCE OF SMUGGLED GOODS.. MAY I ASK WHY YOU DIDN'T PURSUE THOSE MEN?!!

WAL... COULD I SUPPOSE... BUT T'AIN'T NO USE, MISTAH CRANSTON!

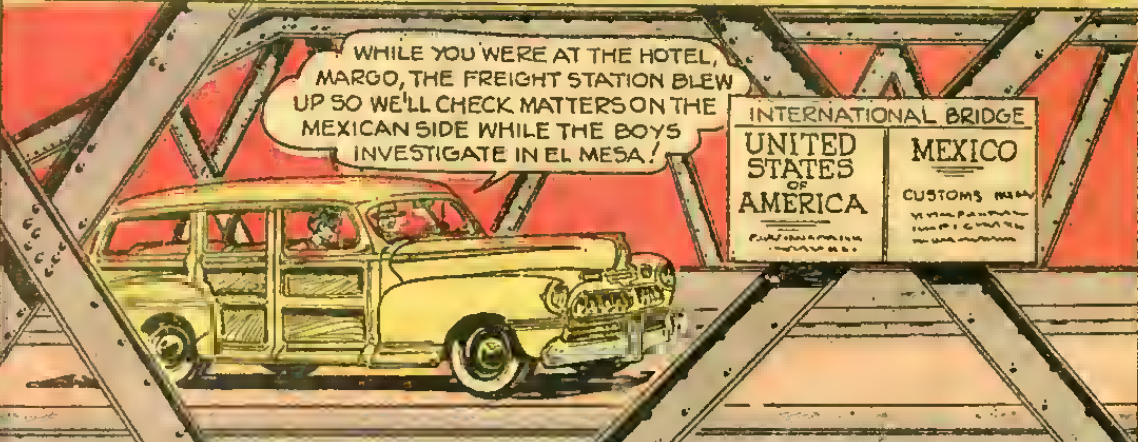


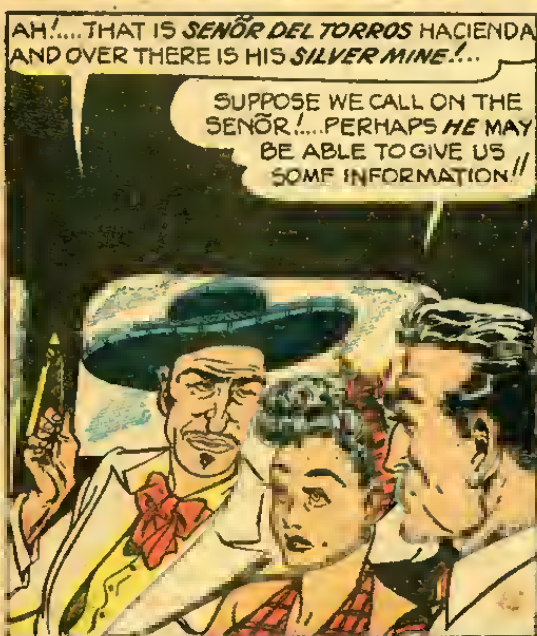
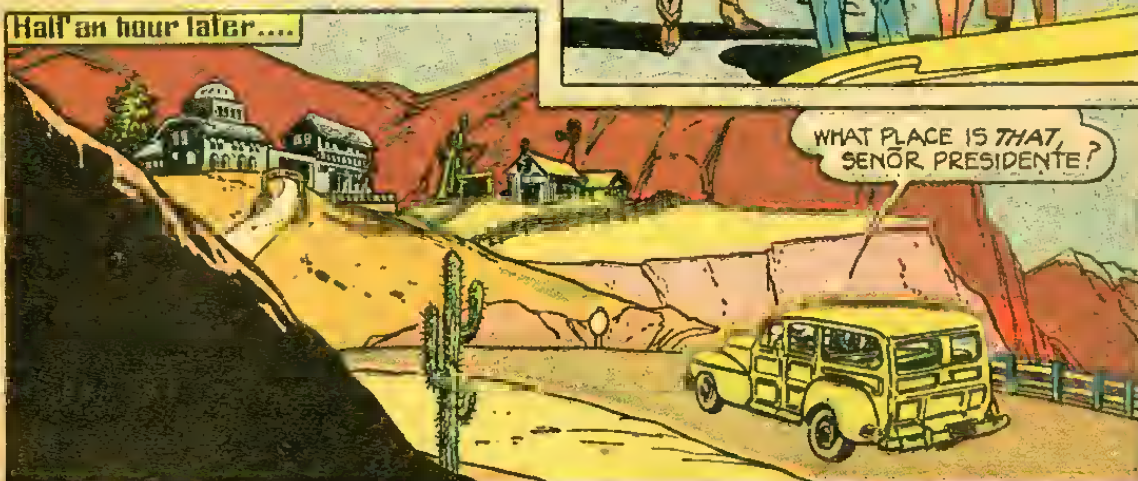
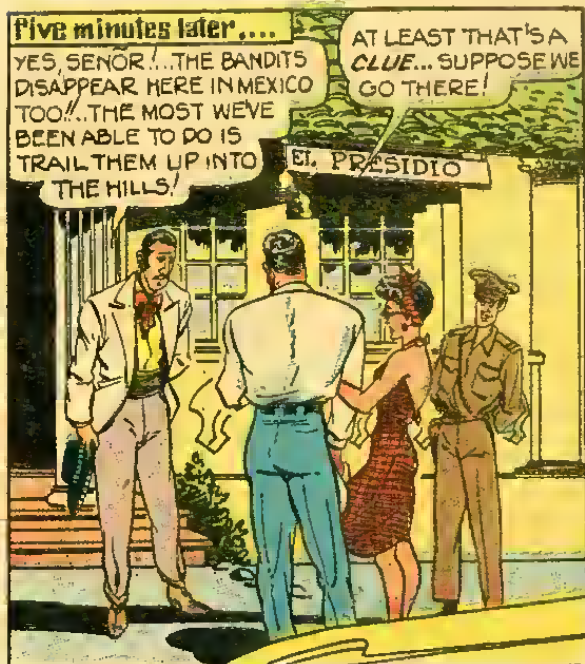
Y' SEE THEY'RE JUS' DECOYS... EV'RY TIME WE ALL CHASE 'EM, THEY ALL DIS'PEAR 'N' THE REAL VARMINTS SLIP 'CROSS TH' BORDER... 'N' DON'T ASK WHY THEY ALL AINT ROUNDED UP ON THE MEXICAN SIDE, 'CAUSE TH' SAME THING HAPPENS OVER THAR... TAKE A TRIP 'CROSS 'N' FIND OUT FO' YO' SELF....

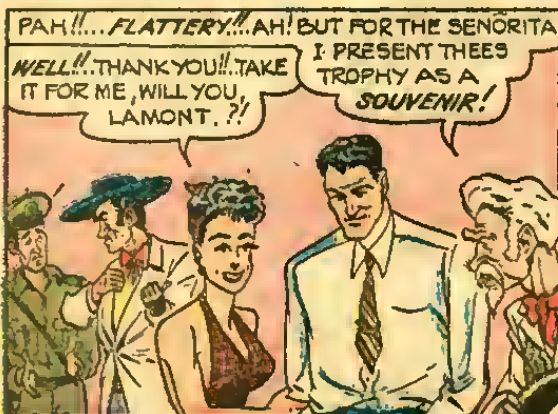


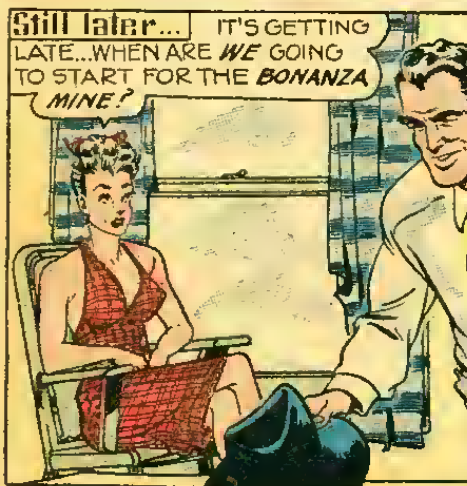
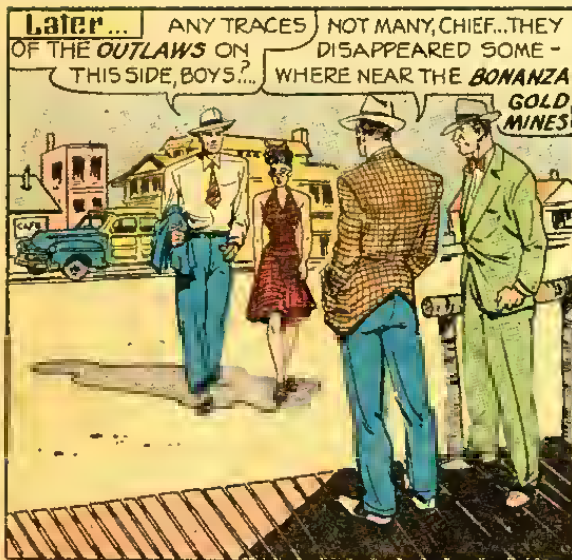
IN HOUR LATER, HIS SECRETARY, MARGO, IN TOW LAMONT CRANSTON CROSSES TO MEXICO

WHILE YOU WERE AT THE HOTEL, MARGO, THE FREIGHT STATION BLEW UP SO WE'LL CHECK MATTERS ON THE MEXICAN SIDE WHILE THE BOYS INVESTIGATE IN EL MESA!

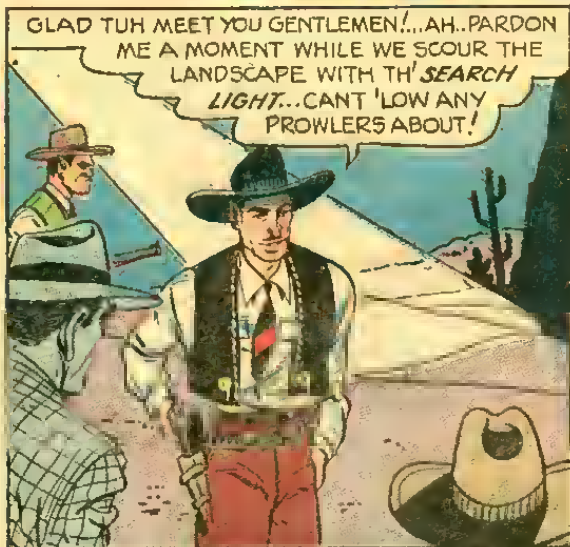
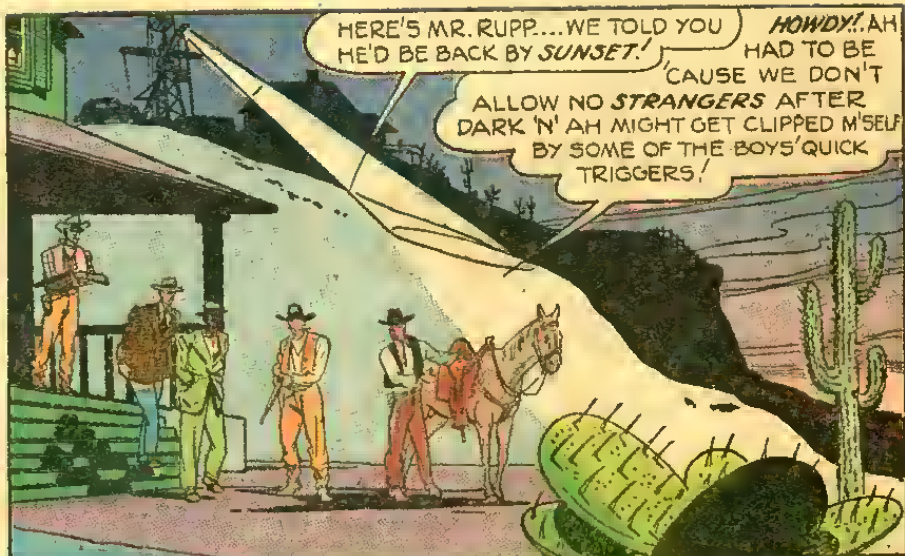


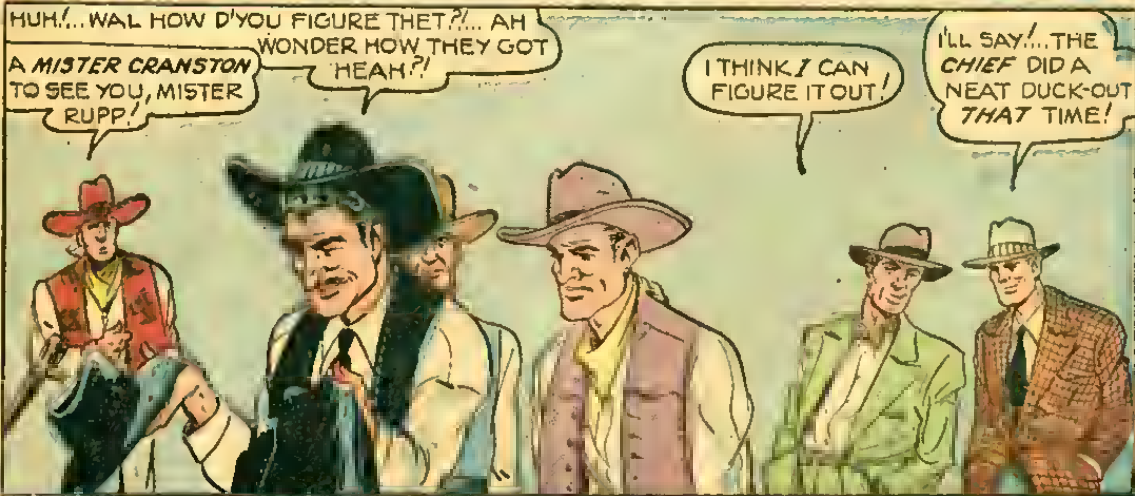




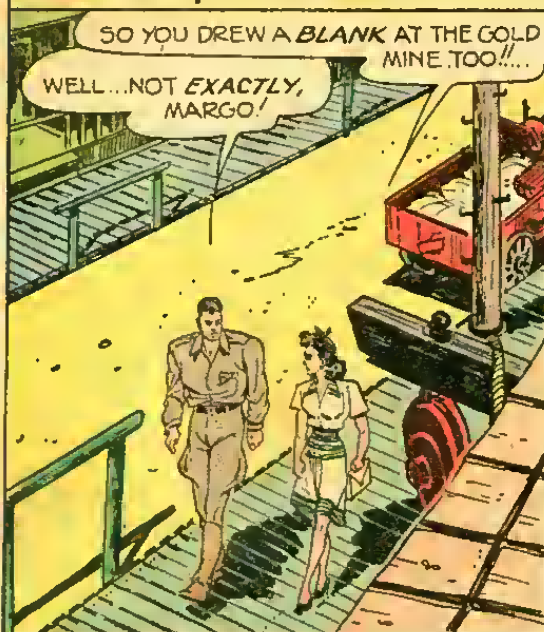


Already at the Bonanza gold mine, Harry, Vincent and Cliff Marsland, Lamont Cranston's aides are meeting Rupert Rupp, who arrives just as the sun sets behind the hills



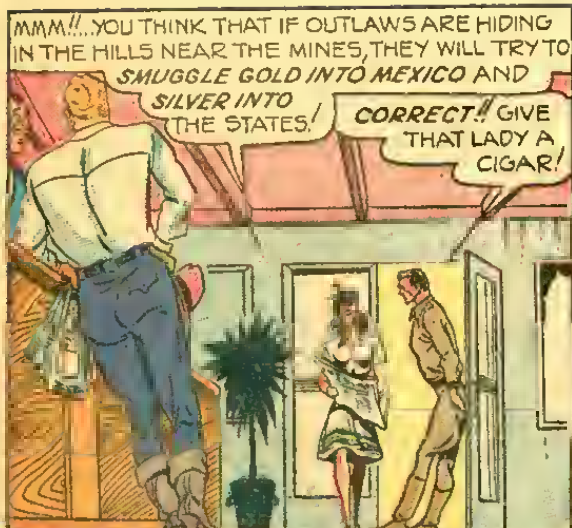


The next day... in El Meso



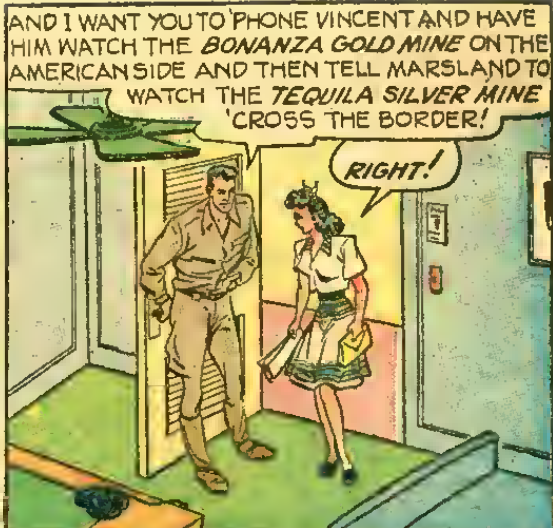
I GOT SOME **REAL** BULLETS THAT IMBEDDED THEMSELVES IN THAT CHUNK OF CACTUS I BROUGHT BACK WITH MY **HAT** AND **CLOAK**... HERE...LET'S STOP IN AT THIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE A MINUTE!





MMM!!! YOU THINK THAT IF OUTLAWS ARE HIDING IN THE HILLS NEAR THE MINES, THEY WILL TRY TO SMUGGLE GOLD INTO MEXICO AND SILVER INTO THE STATES!

CORRECT!! GIVE THAT LADY A CIGAR!



AND I WANT YOU TO PHONE VINCENT AND HAVE HIM WATCH THE **BONANZA GOLD MINE** ON THE AMERICAN SIDE AND THEN TELL MARSLAND TO WATCH THE **TEQUILA SILVER MINE** 'CROSS THE BORDER!

RIGHT!



Several minutes later.....

I'VE MADE THE CALLS... WHY THE **MICRO-SCOPE**??

JUST CHECKING SOME **EVIDENCE**, MARGO



...AND FROM WHAT I SEE, I **THINK** I CAN TRACK DOWN OUR OUTLAW PALS.... BUT **ALONE!!!** YOU CAN STAY HERE AND RECEIVE REPORTS FROM VINCENT AND MARSLAND!

OH GOODY!! HOW **EXCITING!!**



THAT BIG LUG... ALWAYS LEAVING ME BEHIND WHEN THE **FUN** BEGINS!!! I..... OH!!!! THE 'PHONE!



YES?... OH, VINCENT.... YES I SHOULD TELL THE CHIEF THE **TEXAS RANGERS** HAVE SPOTTED **SILVER SMUGGLERS** 'N' ARE AFTER THEM... **RIGHT!! GOT IT!!** 'BYE!

FIVE LONG HOURS PASS

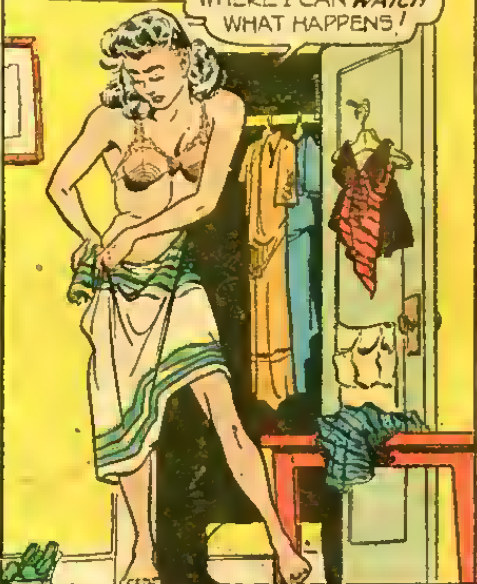


HELLO?...MARSLAND?...WHAT?... THE WHOLE MEXICAN ARMY'S CHASING A TRAIN OF GOLD BANDITS SOUTH OF THE BORDER?... GOOD! BUT HOW DID THAT GOLD GET ACROSS THE BORDER?... YOU DON'T KNOW?... NEVER MIND I'LL FIND OUT!... 'BYE!

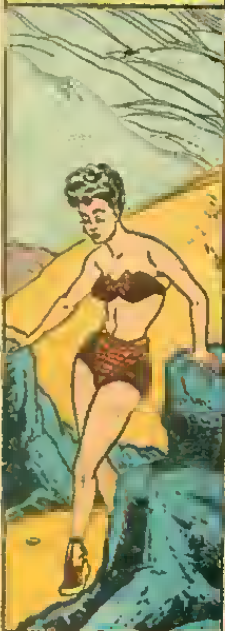


THEY MUST HAVE FLOATED IT ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE!... I'LL PUT ON A SWIM SUIT 'N' PADDLE OUT TO SOME LITTLE ISLAND

WHERE I CAN WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!



Half an hour later



WHY... WHY THE RIVER ISN'T... OF COURSE!!... IT'S THE DRY SEASON!!...



BETTER GRAB THAT SNOOPY DAME!

HOIST, LADY!... REACH 'N' NO TRICKS!... I DON'T WANT TO HURT CHA... YET!

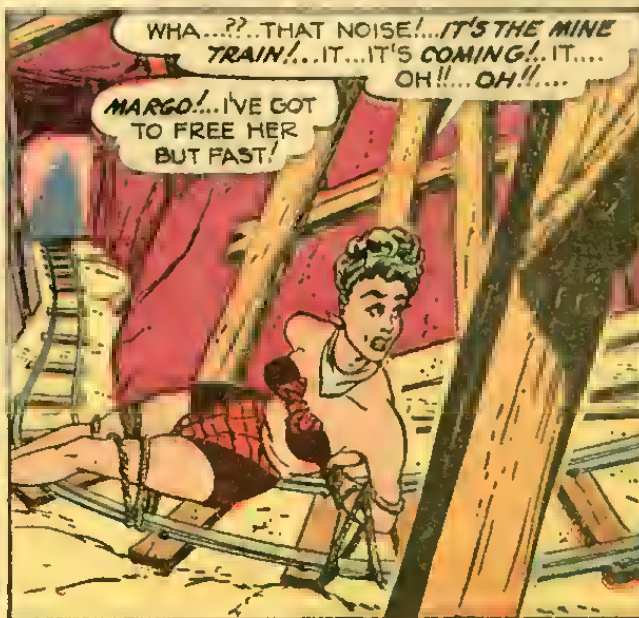
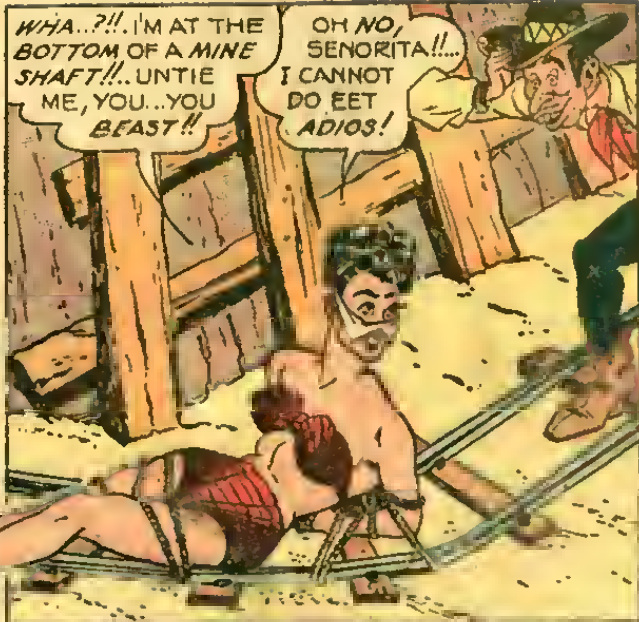


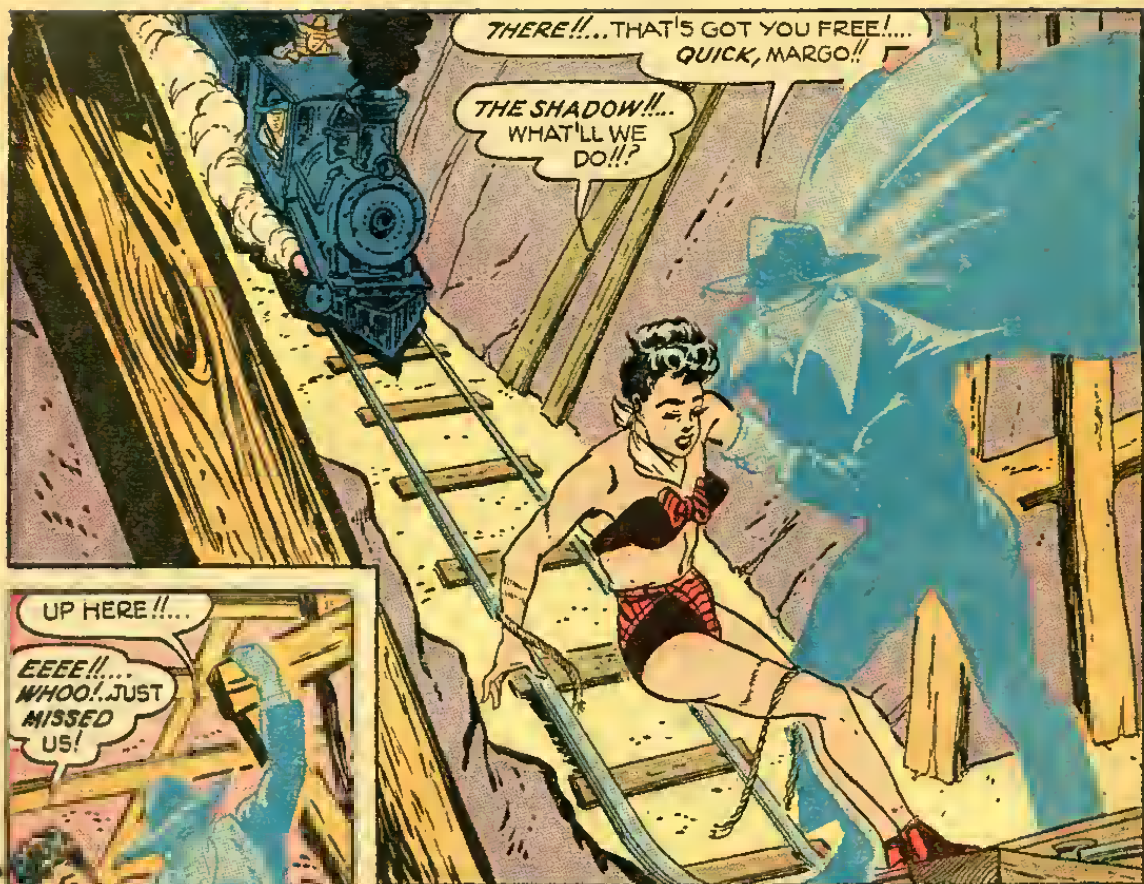
BA... BA... BANDITS!

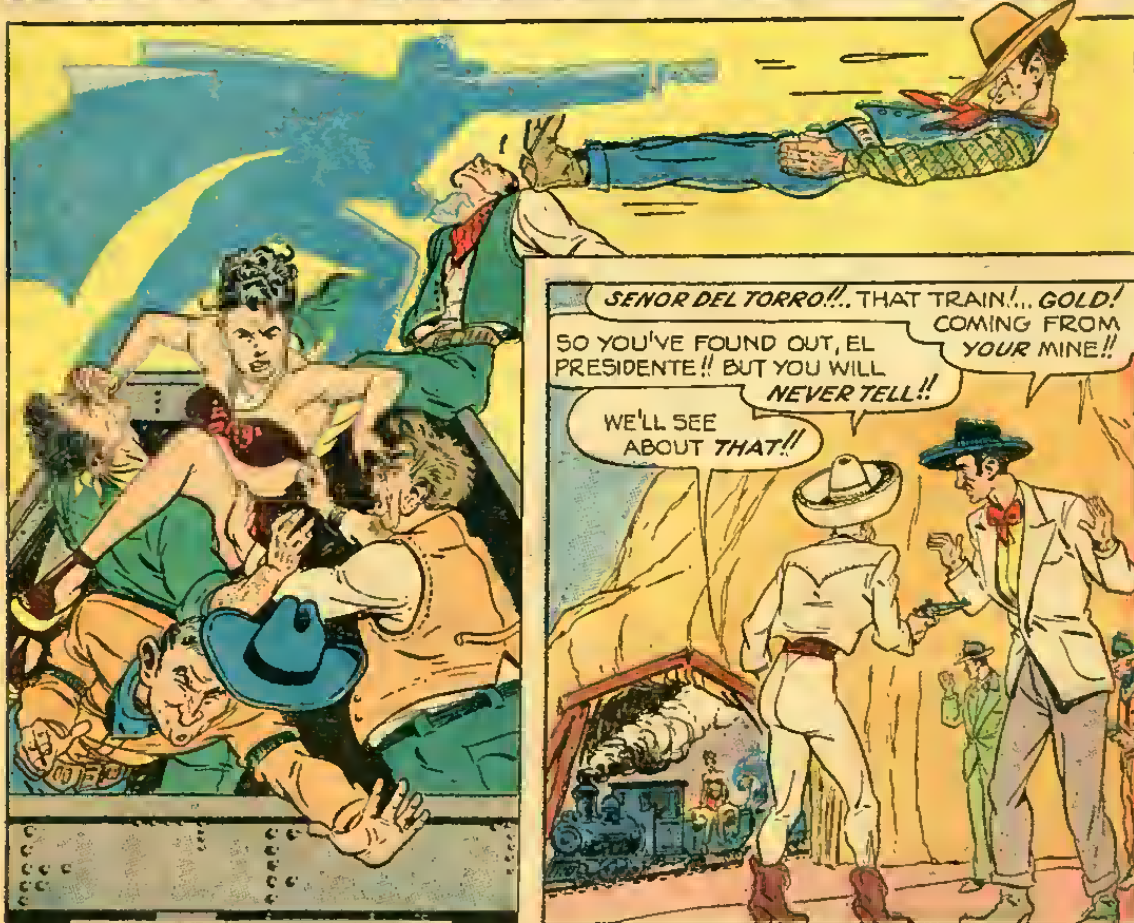
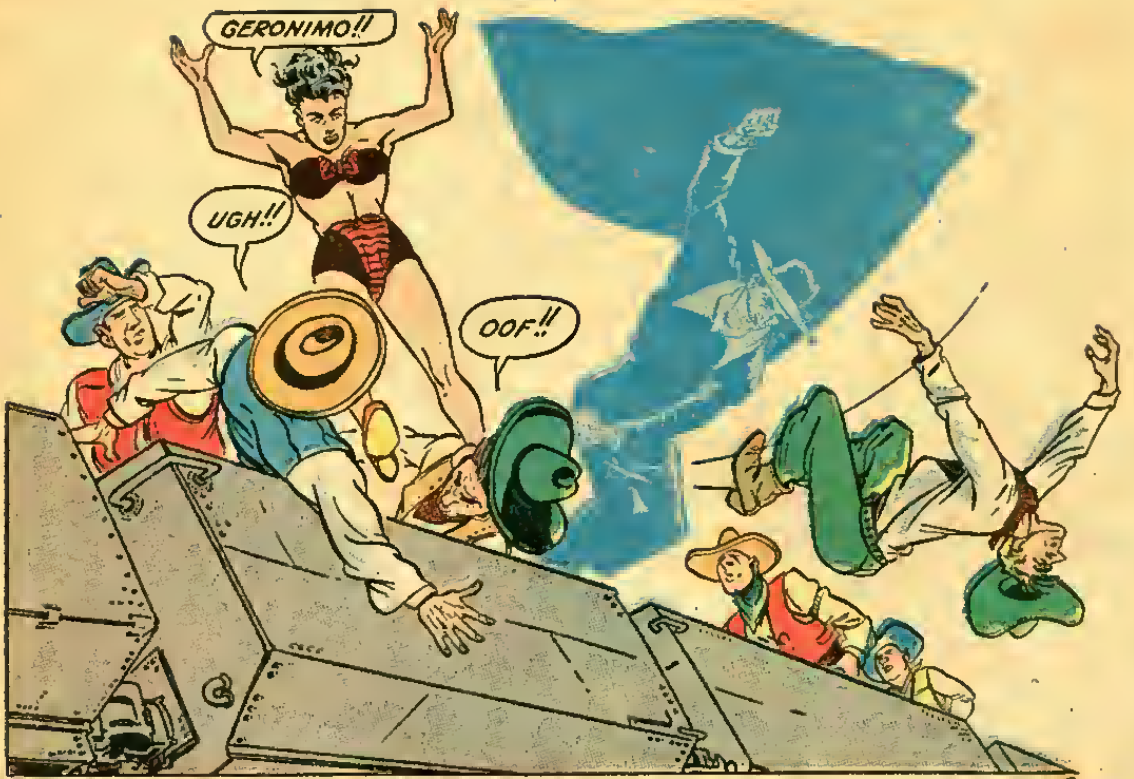
BA... BA... BLACKSHEEP WOULD BE MORE LIKE IT... WWW!... NOW THAT WE GOT HER TIED UP WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HER?!

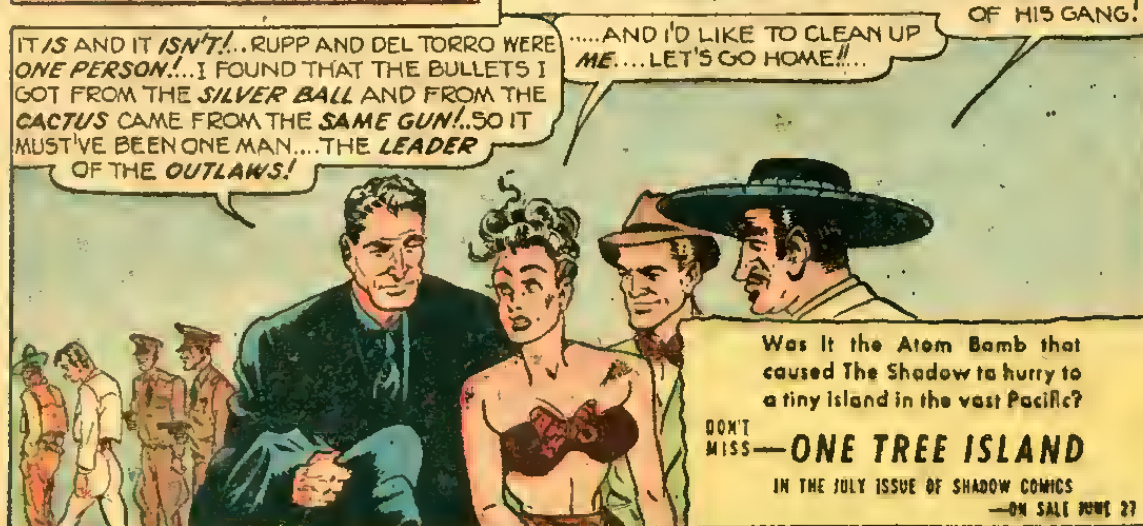
Y'KNOW, TEXAS, I THEENK SHE KNOWS TOO MOCH!! I THEENK WE TAKE HER TO THE MINES MAYBE!!











PARSON PETE

"THE PARSON GOES
ON THE WARPATH"



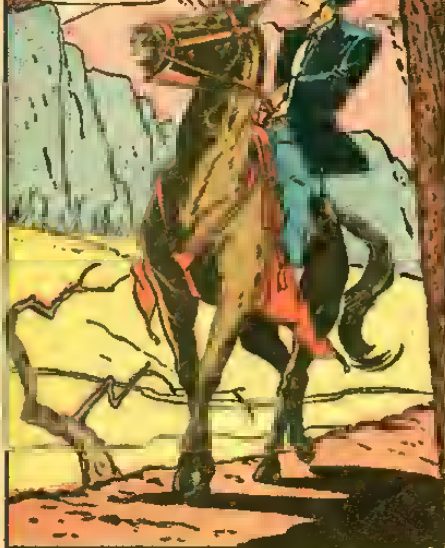
ELLIOTT-POWELL

THERE IS A TIME FOR *PEACE* AND A TIME FOR *WAR*..... THIS *PARSON PETE*, THE LAW WEST OF THE PECOS, KNEW FULL WELL..... AND WHEN HE HAD TO GO TO WAR, HE WENT WITH A *HYMN BOOK* ON ONE HIP AND A *.45* ON THE OTHER..... SINGING AS HE FOUGHT.....

ABOUT FIVE CHEWS
AND A PIPE OUT-
SIDE GALLOW'S
GULCH.....



WAL BUST MY GALLUSES! PIUTES!!
WONDER IF MY OL' FRIEND, ONE
FEATHER IS STILL
CHIEF?!



HMM!...SOMETHING'S WRONG! I WONDER?
UGH!
HO! ONE FEATHER
FRIEND!

COME IN PEACE! NAOW THEN...WHAT'S TH' REASON FOR ALL
THESE SHENANIGANS? NO SQUAWS...
WAR PAINT...WHAT'S IN THE WIND?!



THOU, WHO ART OUR FRIEND
WILL KNOW THAT WE ARE UPON
EVIL DAYS!..BAD WHITE MEN
HAVE TAKEN ALL OUR LAND
AND LEFT US WITH NOUGHT
BUT THAT WHICH THEY HAVE
NO USE FOR!



I KNOW.. AND IT'S BAD!..
BUT, YE HAVE LOST..NAOW
THERE'S NOUGHT TO DO
BUT MAKE
41!..THIS SHIFT AS
WE HAVE DONE, BEST YE
BUT NOW THEY CAN!
WANT EVEN OUR
POOR LAND!!

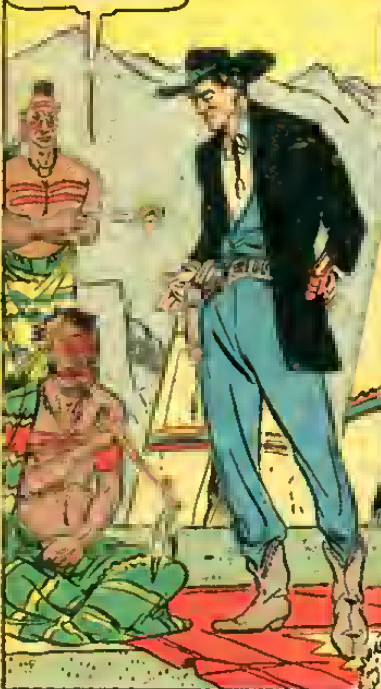


WHAT?!...HOW'S THAT, ONE
FEATHER?!

THEY HAVE FOUND
GOLD AND ARE TAKING
THE LAND ON WHICH THE
GREAT SPIRIT PLANTED IT!
THEREFORE THEY ARE
DRIVING US FROM
THAT LAND!!



SO *THAT'S* WHUT'S UP! WE'LL
...AND IF THOU FAIL, *SEE* ABOUT
THEN, ALTHOUGH IT BE *THEY*!!
HOPELESS, WE WILL *FIGHT*
TO THE *END OF*
OUR LIVES!!



HALF AN HOUR LATER
WHOA NAOW...WHUT'S THIS?

I'M AASKIN' Y'ALL, HAOW
LONG WE GONNA STAND FOR
THEM THERE RED INJUNS
A KILLIN' 'N' A RAIDIN'....
I WANT A POSSE!



WHO'S BEHIND THIS AND HOW ARE THEY DOING IT?!

ONE WHO IS CALLED 'HANDS'
WE KNOW NOT HOW!



WELL I'LL FIND OUT... GOODBYE, MY
FRIENDS...



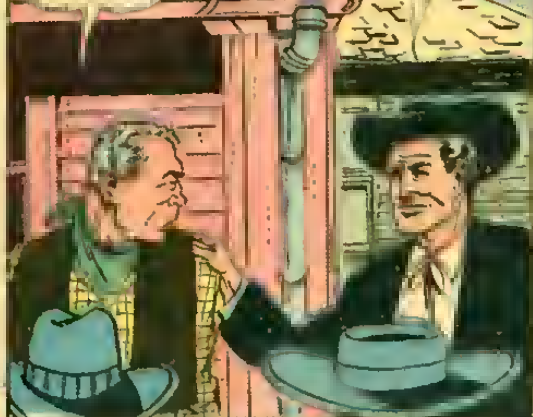
SHOW YER *HANDS*!
ALL AS WANT TO
GO AFTER THEM
THERE *RED*
DEVILS!!

HMM!!! SO *THAT'S* IT!... SOME RATS
MUST BE *MASQUERADIN* AS
INDIANS 'N WHEN THEY DO THEIR
MISCHIEF GET TH' *PIUTES* BLAMED
FER IT!!



RIGHT!... THEN
WE'RE OFF TO
WIPE OUT THOSE...
HUH?!

HOLD ON! HOW D'YOU
KNOW TH' INJUNS IS ON
TH' WAR PATH?!



HOW DO WE KNOW?!! LOOK AT ME NOGGIN'! SCALP-
ED I WUZ LAST NIGHT
WHEN THEM SAVAGES
WAS OUT A BURNIN'
UP TH' COUNTRY!

'N' YE THINK THET
WAS THEM PIUTES?!



WE KNOW, YOU DIRTY INJUN LOVER! NADW GET
OUTA TH' WAY, WERE GONNA TAKE CARE OF
THEM DIRTY RASCALS!



...IF THE CHEEK IS SLAPPED, TURN T' OTHER!
IT'LL BE MURDER, THET'S..... WHUT TH'!!

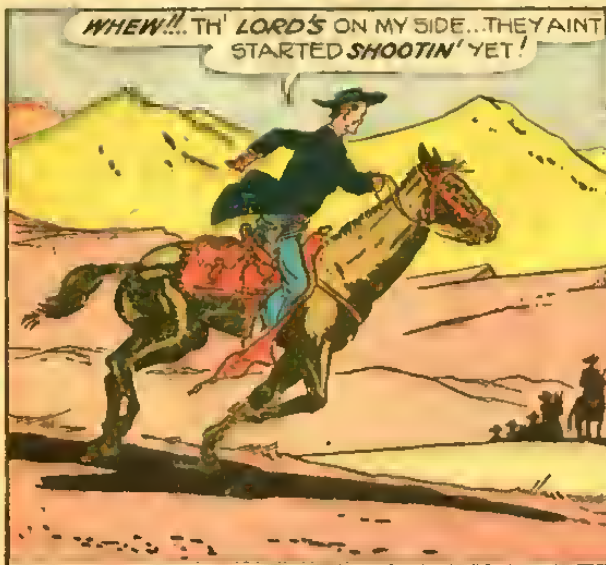


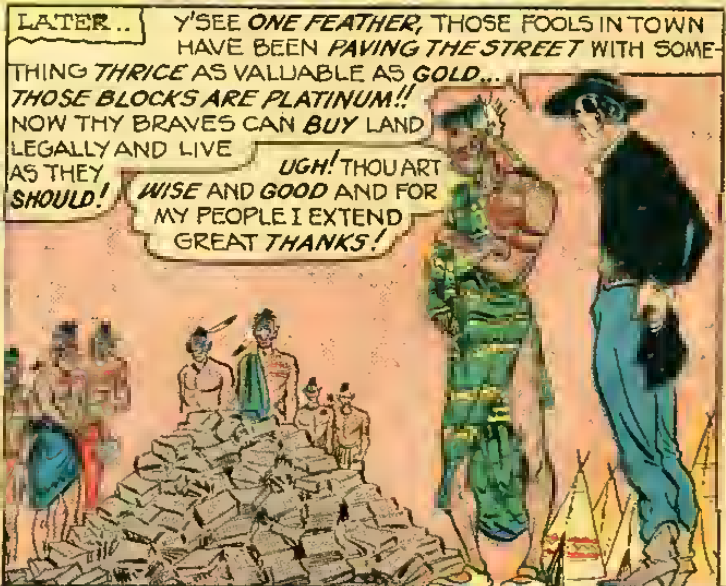
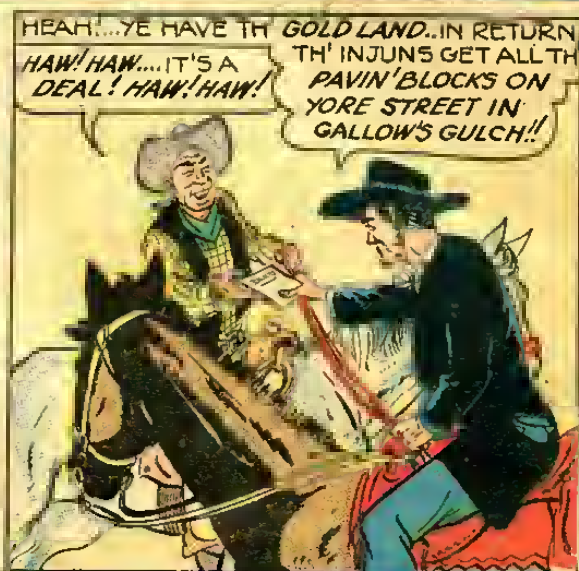
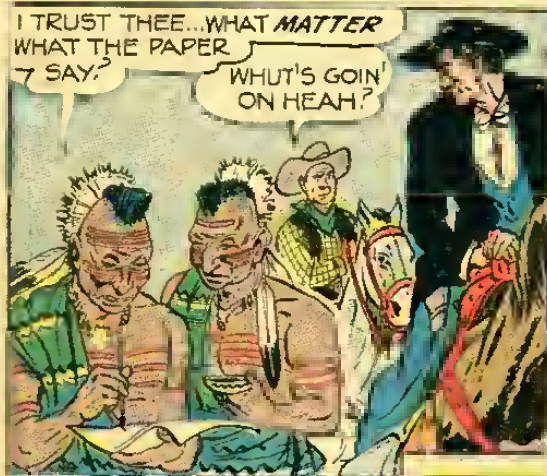
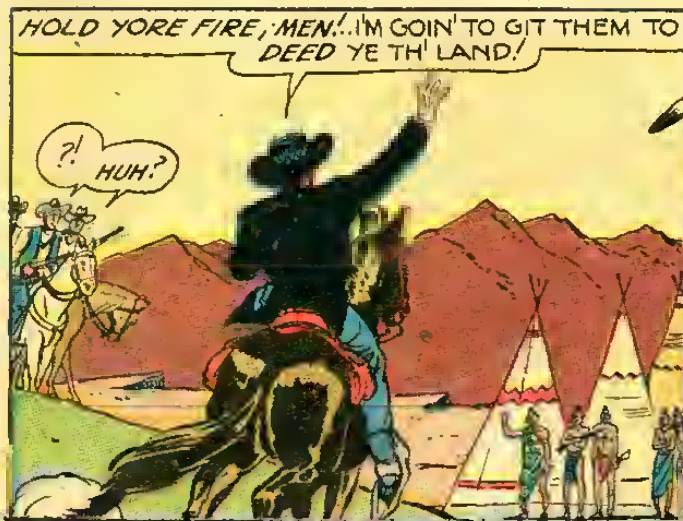
WHUR'S TH' JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
BARTENDER?...
INSIDE AT THE BACK
TABLE, STRANGUH, WHUR HE
ALLUS IS!

HOWDY!... CURIOUS THET JUNK, BE'NT
IT?!! IT COMES ALONG WITH TH' GOLD
'N' AINT NO GOOD BUT FER SASH
WEIGHTS OR PAVIN' BLOCKS... JUST
LIKE LEAD 'TIS!!

YEP!... JUS' LIKE!







FROM LEADVILLE TO GALLOW'S GULCH IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MINING THERE WERE WASTE METALS THAT WERE BY-PRODUCTS OF THE SEARCH FOR GOLD IT IS ON THIS HISTORICAL FACT THAT THIS PARSON PETE YARN WAS BASED.

NICK CARTER

the Frosted Lie

TUNE IN EACH WEEK ON NICK
CARTER OVER MUTUAL NETWORK SUN-
DAY EVENING 6:30 P.M. E.S.T. SPON-
SORED BY OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

A BRUCE ELLIOTT STORY

DRAWN BY S.R. POWELL
LETTERING BY E.A. WELLER

THE TROUBLE WITH HOLDING A TIGER BY THE TAIL IS
THAT YOU CAN'T LET GO..... THE TROUBLE WITH
BEING IN THE RACKETS IS THAT YOU CAN'T
GET OUT.....

I'M ALL **CONFUSED!** **HOLD IT!!**... LET'S START FROM
I DON'T GET THE **THE BEGINNING** AND WHEN
DEAL AND.... YOU GET TO THE END... **STOP!**

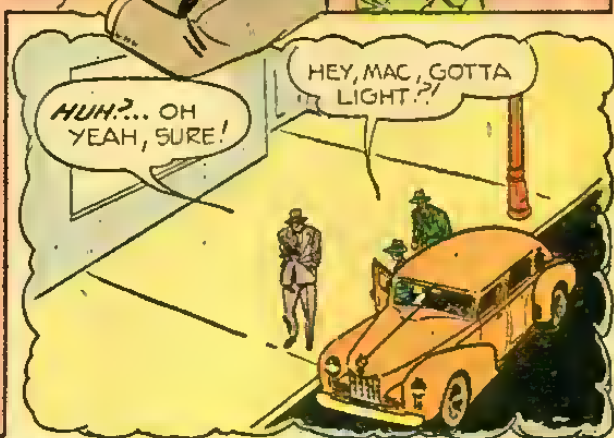


OKAY!!...NOW... THIS CHARACTER, **JIMMY VOSS**, COMES IN TO ME WITH A SONG AND DANCE ABOUT HE'S GOIN' ALONG MINDIN' HIS OWN BUSINESS WHEN.....



HUH?... OH
YEAH, SURE!

HEY, MAC, GOTTA
LIGHT?!



HERE Y'ARE!

PUFF!...MMM!
THANKS!



TOUCHE!! C'MON SNAP
IT UP!...GET 'IM IN
THE CAR!

OKAY! OKAY!!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.....

TH' BOSS SAID TO DROP THIS
LOAD IN TH' **FREEZIN'**
ROOM!...Y' KNOW! PUT
'IM ON ICE!



THERE!!...12 OUNCES IS GONNA LIKE
THIS!...WE DONE A GOOD
JOB!

YEAH! DROP
'IM, THE BOSS'LL TAKE
CARE OF 'IM
LATER!



IF *THAT* WAS THE SET UP HOW DID *VOSS* EVER
I WAS COMIN' TO THAT!...HE
CAME TO IN TH' ICE BOX 'N'
STAGGERED TO A SMALL WINDOW
BUT COULDN'T SEE OUTA
IT ON ACCOUNT
OF TH' *FROST*!



I SEE! THEN SOMEONE SAW THE *HELP* SIGN
AND RELEASED HIM....
IS *THAT* THE
STORY?.. ON TH' NOSE!...BUT
HERE'S WHERE TH' STORY GETS
MESSY! *VOSS* DISAPPEARED
RIGHT AFTER HE TOLD ME
WHAT HAPPENED!



HE *DID* NOTICE THAT HE PASSED A HOTEL
NAMED THE *MOON* AND A THEATRE CALLED
THE *STAR*... SO IF WE HEAD FOR
THERE AND THEN LOOK
FOR A PACKIN'
HOUSE!...



LOOK!! THERE'S
THE *HOTEL*!!

BUT HE WAS *SMART*!! HE FIGURED THAT NOT
ALL OF THE MEN IN TH' PACKIN' HOUSE COULD BE
GANGSTERS, SO HE TRACED OUT *HELP* ON TH'
FROSTIN' ON TH' INSIDE OF TH'
WINDOW!



DID *VOSS* TELL YOU WHERE
THE PACKING HOUSE WAS
AND... *GOOD GRIEF*! WHAT'S
THAT?!

NO!...HE WAS
STILL GROGGY
WHEN SET FREE
AND COULDN'T
REMEMBER
THE LOCATION!

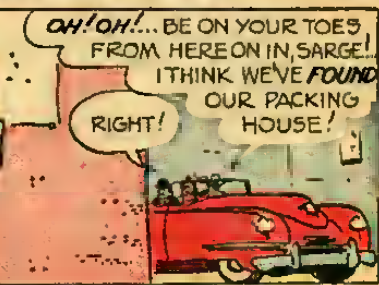
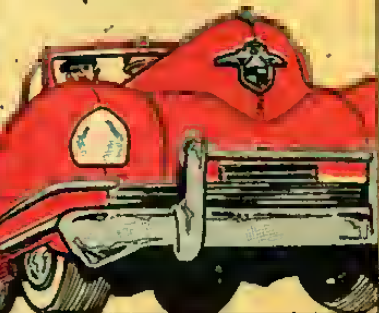
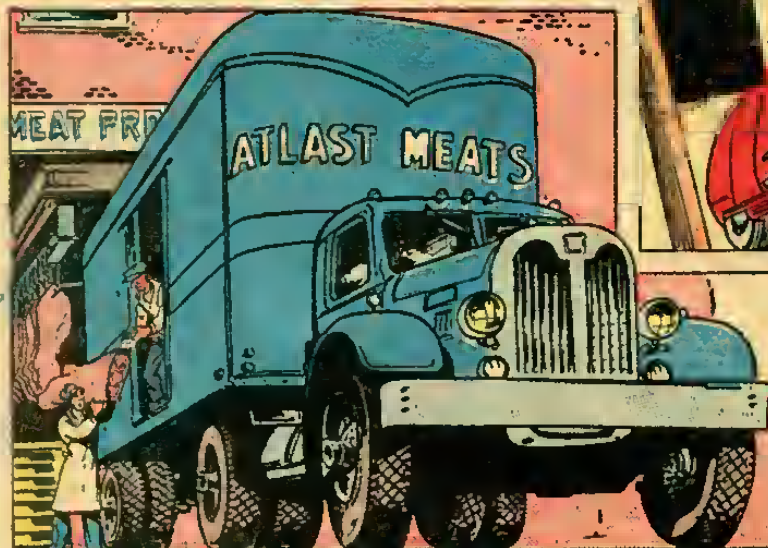
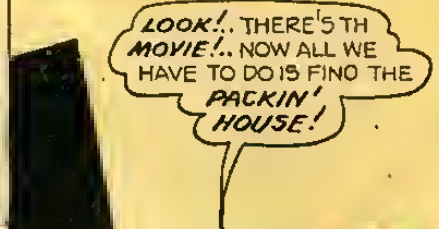
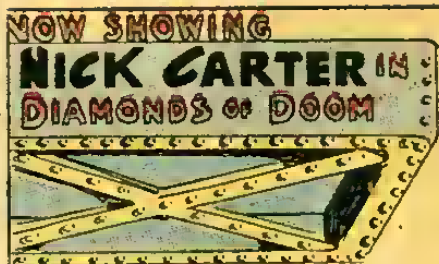
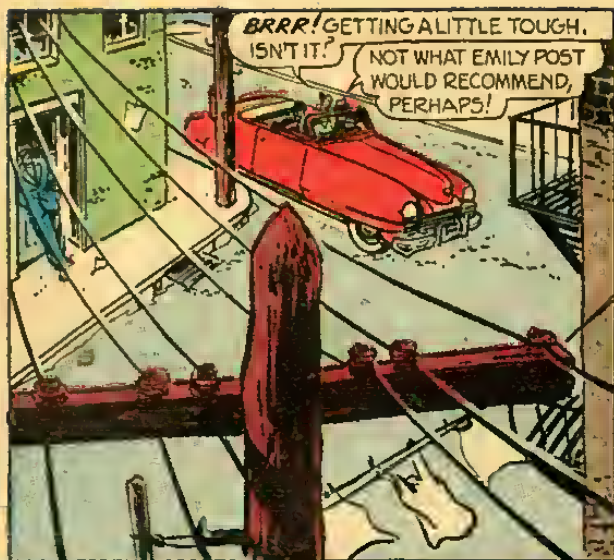
A *HAT*, *NICK*
CARTER...AND
NO COMMENTS.

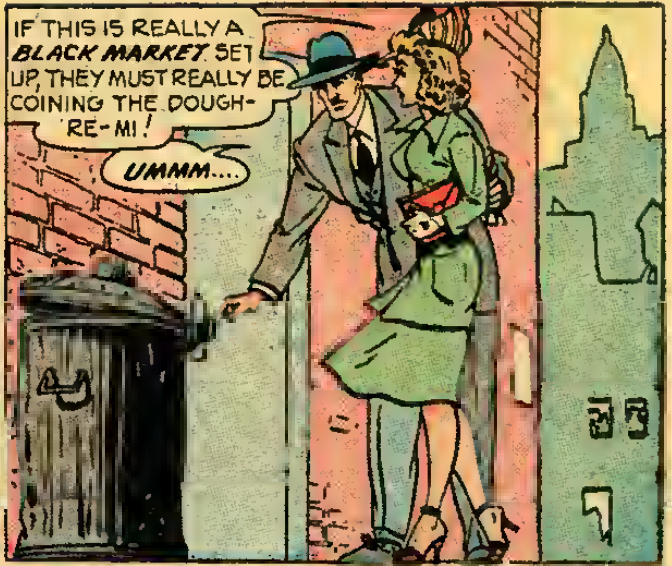


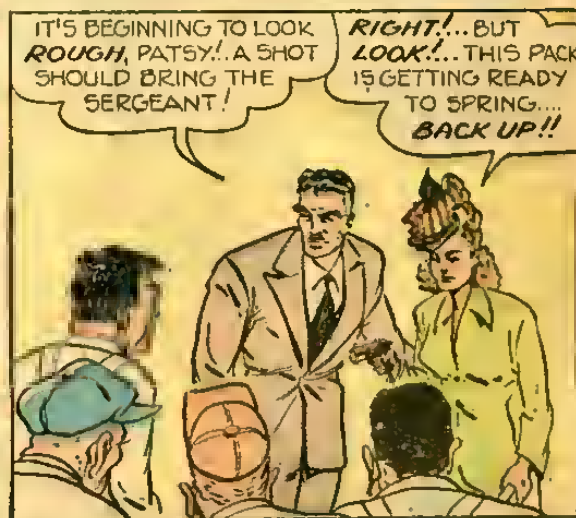
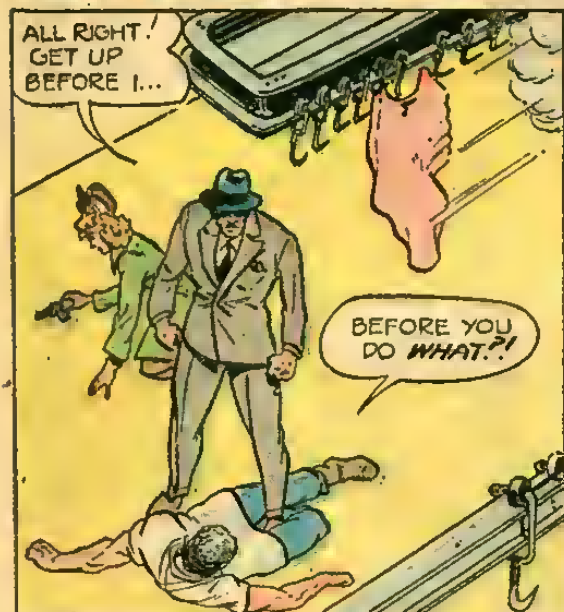
THIS SHOULDN'T BE *TOO* TOUGH...HAVE YOU
ANY IDEA WHAT THE CASE IS ALL ABOUT, *SARGE*?

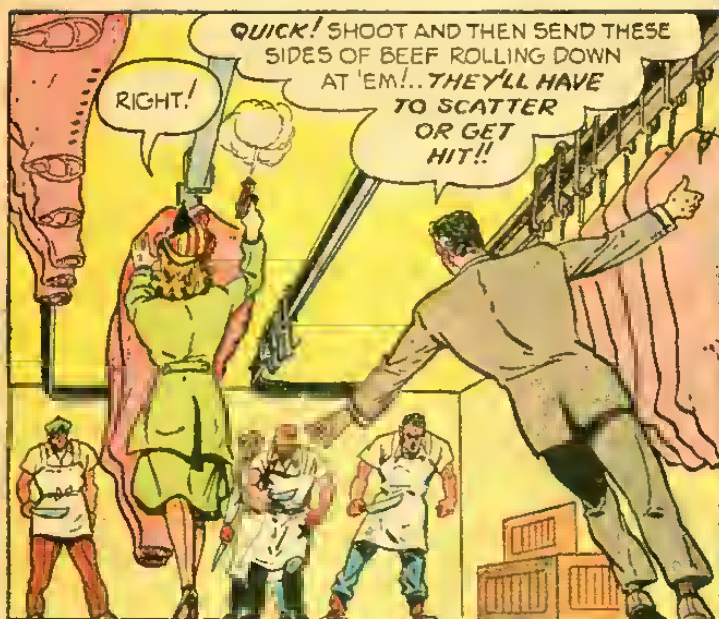
BLACK MARKET MEAT,
WHAT ELSE?..











RIGHT!

QUICK! SHOOT AND THEN SEND THESE SIDES OF BEEF ROLLING DOWN AT 'EM!...THEY'LL HAVE TO SCATTER OR GET HIT!!



MEANWHILE... OUTSIDE.

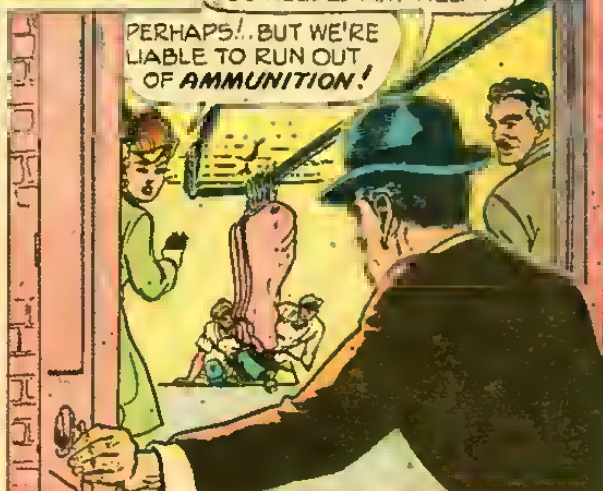
THAT WAS A SHOT!...THERE'S TROUBLE!

STAY PUT, COPPER!



OOOFF!

UH UH!...BEDDY BYE BYE, 12 OUNCES!.. I'M GOIN' IN THERE!



PERHAPS!..BUT WE'RE LIABLE TO RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION!



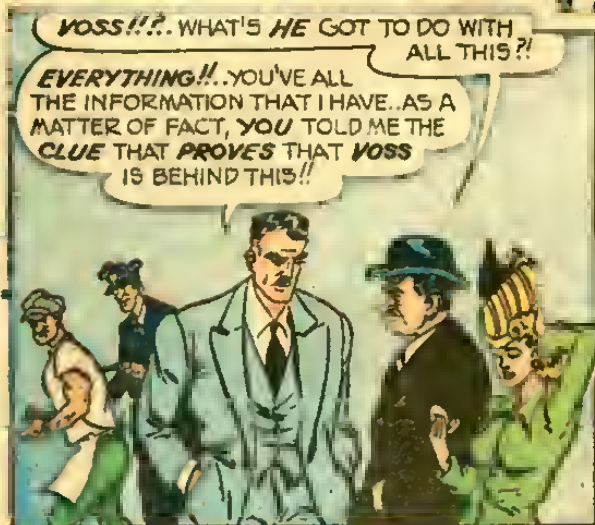
I'LL CALL THE RIOT SQUAD!..HERE, NICK, TAKE MY GUN!!

RIGHT!..BUT SNAP IT UP!!



MESSY LITTLE AFFAIR ISN'T IT?!

AS THINGS GO, YES, BUT WE HAVE IT ALL TAPED UP NOW!!



ON PAGE THREE PANEL TWO THE SERGEANT SAID VOSS TRACED HELP ON THE FROST ON THE INSIDE OF THE ICE BOX WINDOW... AN IMPOSSIBILITY AS FROST COLLECTS ON THE WARM SIDE OF A WINDOW... IN THIS CASE ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE ICE BOX... THEREFORE VOSS LIED....

INNER CIRCLE



HOT COLD ICE. . . .

"It was a curious mess right from the start," Nick said. His famous foster son Chick was at his side as they opened the monthly meeting of the Inner Circle. "I was in my study . . ."

"Let me take it for a while . . . you'll get all modest." Chick ribbed his foster father. "You see, Inspector Herley of the Indemnity Insurance Company was at our house trying to talk Dad into taking a big case that was driving them crazy. Dad wasn't too interested. He was tired and needed a rest more than money. The Inspector was saying, 'Look, Carter, you can name your own price . . . it's more important to . . .'" At that point the phone rang.

"Dad answered it. I could see that something was up. He put the phone down, looked at the Inspector and said, 'Sorry, old man, but something has come up that I must attend to. Pardon me.'"

A PLEA. . . .

"When dad and I left the house, I asked him what was up."

"Some poor woman just called, and said that her son was in a jam . . . she was crying . . . I couldn't refuse . . ." Nick said, picking up the tale. "We're going down to her house. The police are there and are about to arrest her son."

Chick picked up a glass of water, looked at it, and said, "That was the beginning of the case of the coldest hot ice."

Nick said, "There was nothing to go on at the beginning. We got to the house, it was nice and clean, but poor. The poor mother was almost out of her mind with worry. The cops were putting the heat on her boy, a lad of about twenty.

"The cops were all ready. You could see that their minds were made up. I asked one

of them what the score was and he gave us a quick resume. It seems that a smuggling ring had been bringing diamonds into the country. It was a big ring and there was a lot at stake. A man had trailed a seaman off a ship right into the house where the lad lived.

"What was worse was that the tail saw the sailor go into the apartment where the boy lived with his mother. That was all they were waiting for. They came right in and found the boy standing in the middle of the room looking stunned. The cops wanted to know where the sailor had gone. The boy said in a dull voice that the sailor had knocked on the door, asked for a drink of water and then, when the bell rang at the door, the sailor had run for the window and beat it down the fire escape.

"What made it a thousand times worse, was that the police picked up the sailor coming off the fire escape. He had no diamonds on him!

"To the police it was an open and shut case. The sailor obviously had stashed the gems somewhere in the apartment before he took off on the lam."

CURIOUS CACHE!

"When we heard all the details," Chick interrupted, "it really looked to me as though nothing could save the boy. His mother must have seen it in our faces, too, for she began to cry again. The boy still stood as though he'd been hit by a lightning bolt."

"That," said Nick, "was the way things stood when a knock came at the door. Everyone, the boy, his mother, the two detectives, all stood frozen. One of them prodded the boy. He whispered, 'Say come in.' The boy did and the door opened.

"A rather nice looking middle aged man came in. He looked around and said, 'I hate to

be a nuisance, Junior, but may I borrow some ice cubes again?"

"For the first time," Chick said, "the thing began to make some kind of sense. Remember, the detectives had torn the place to pieces searching for some trace of the diamonds. The ice cubes seemed to bring the whole thing into focus . . ."

"I was thinking along the same lines, as Chick," Nick said. "so we were both in for a surprise. The boy, Junior, nodded assent to the man's query. The man looking puzzled, made his way into the kitchen and opened the door of the refrigerator.

"Everyone in the apartment could feel the tension mounting. It's an old gag, you know to freeze diamonds in ice. They are invisible inside the ice, for the index of refraction of both diamonds and ice is the same.

"All eyes were on the neighbor when he came into the living room with the ice tray in his hands. He said, 'Sorry to be a bother but we're having company.'

"One of the detectives said, 'I'll bet you are. And all the company is waiting for you to show up with the diamonds. Very slick!' Saying this, he grabbed the tray and walked out to the hot water faucet in the kitchen. He poured hot water over the ice cubes. We made a living circle around him. We waited as the hot water melted the ice down.

"The mother obviously didn't know what was in the wind, but our set faces gave away that we expected something at any second."

ANTICLIMAX

"The water melted the ice cubes down and sure enough they had a core of something hard that would not melt. The hard centers fell from the tray into the sink with a glassy clink."

Chick said, "Everyone stared at them. There were a lot of the little things. There had been about three in each ice cube and there are ten ice cubes in the tray. The thirty little hard cores lay in the sink, but they didn't wink at us. They were dull and grey and looked about as valuable as a kid's marbles."

"One of the detective's scratched his head

and looked at what the sink held. He said, 'Well I'll be blowed . . . what is this all about, anyway?'

"The boy, Junior said, 'That's what I've been trying to tell you, this sailor came in and after I had given him the water to drink he said he knew our next door neighbor, Mr. Farren, and that he wanted to play a joke on him. He had me dump out the ice cubes that were in the tray and then he showed me those marbles and said he wanted to freeze them into the ice cubes. He said he knew about Mr. Farren's habit of getting ice cubes from us when he had a party. I didn't see anything wrong about it . . . Not until the sailor went out the window.'

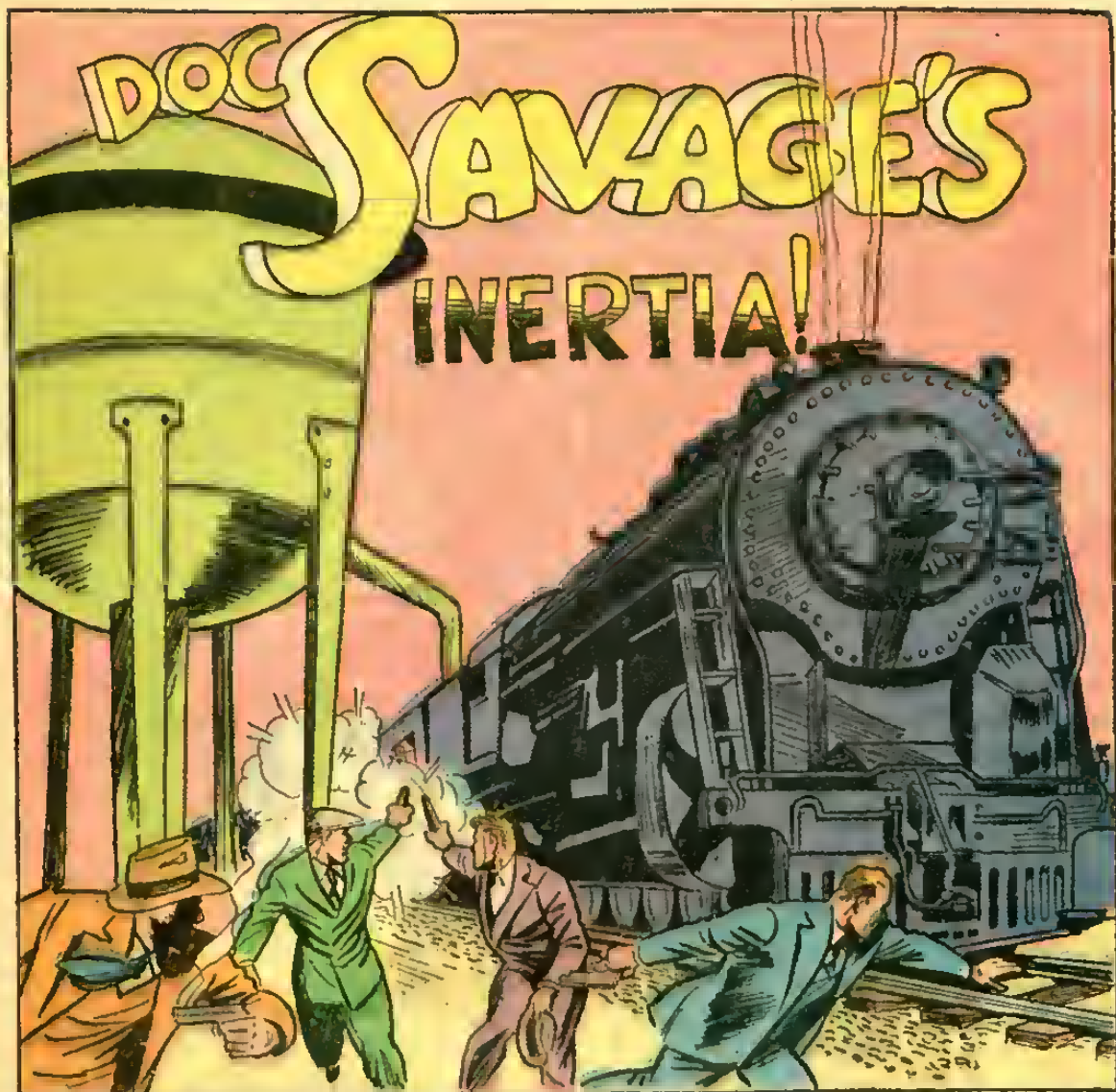
PAY OFF!

Nick took up the thread. "You see they had planned on playing the boy for a sucker . . . I didn't know, at the time, but this was the case that the insurance inspector had been trying to interest me in. It seemed I was the only one who recognized the glassy marbles for what they were.

"When I told the detectives about it, they arrested Farren and the sailor as well as the people who were waiting in Farren's apartment. You see the smugglers knew they were being watched and had taken this desperate chance, of freezing the diamonds in the cubes in order to circumvent the police on their trail. Besides they were casting suspicion away from themselves and onto the lad."

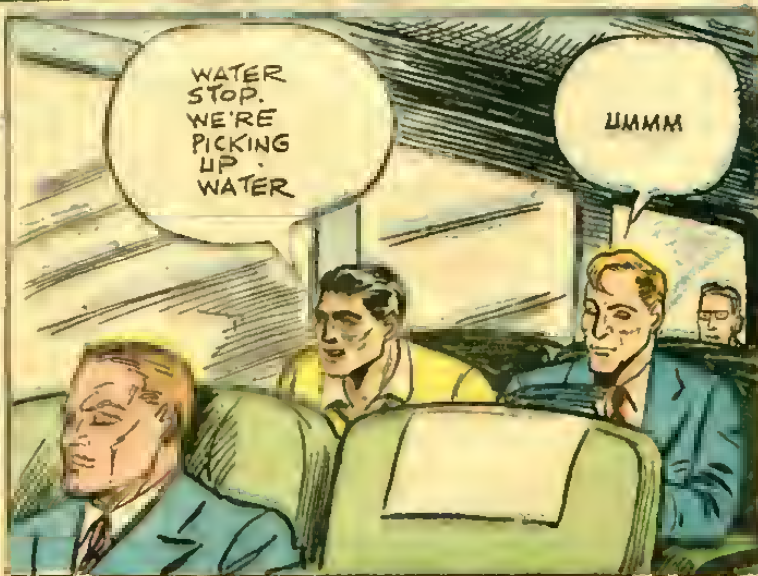
"I can see," Chick laughed, "that the members are still as puzzled as those detectives were . . . you see the reason we didn't recognize the diamonds for what they were, was that they were not cut into facets the way a diamond usually is. They were commercial diamonds used for cutting through steel and the like. Valuable for industrial purposes, there is a huge tariff on them which the smuggling avoided."

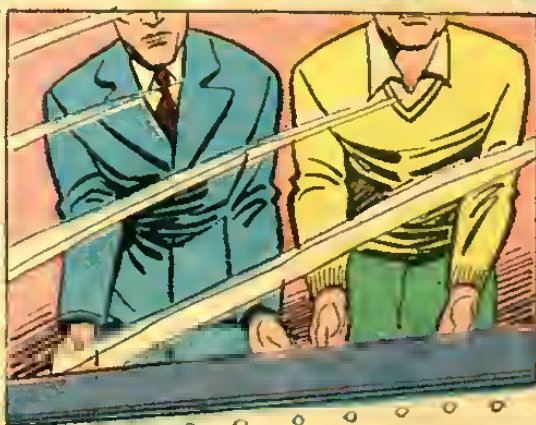
"There were really two pay offs to this case," Nick finished up. "One was the gratitude of the boy and his mother . . . the other was from the insurance company . . . in the form of a check."



THE CROOKS KNEW
HOW TO PREVENT
A TRAIN FROM
STARTING BY
USING **TWENTY**
CENTS..... BUT
THEY DIDN'T
KNOW AS MUCH
ABOUT INERTIA
AS **DOC SAVAGE**.
AND THEREBY
HANGS A TALE

!





BUT NOT EVEN THE COMBINED MIGHT OF DOC SAVAGE AND MONK CAN BUDGE A TRAIN WINDOW!



HOLD UP...
AND THEY'RE
GETTING
AWAY!

LOOKS LIKE
WE BETTER
STICK OUR
LONG NOSES
INTO THIS!



THEY HAVE TOO
MUCH OF A
HEAD START...
WE WON'T
BE ABLE TO
STOP THEM...

BUT WE CAN'T
LET THEM GET
AWAY WITH
MURDER!



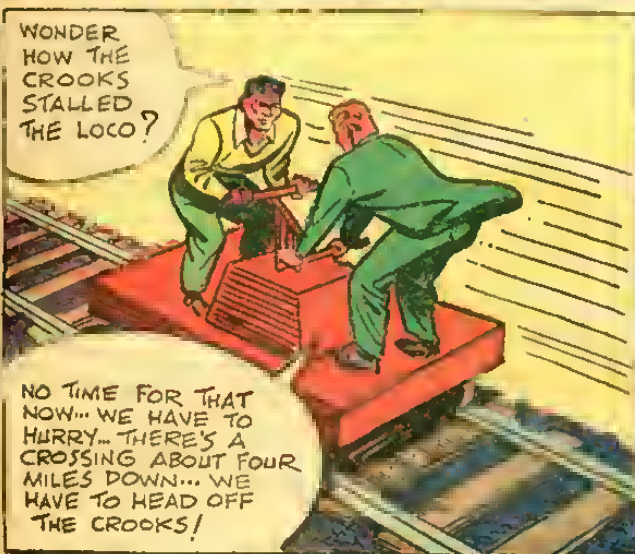
DOC, COME
ON... WHAT'D
YOU STOP
FOR?

WAIT! I'M TRYING
TO REMEMBER
THE SET-UP OF
THIS RAILWAY
LINE... I'VE GOT
IT!



THAT HAND
CAR! GET
ABOARD...

BUT WHAT
GOOD'LL THAT
DO?



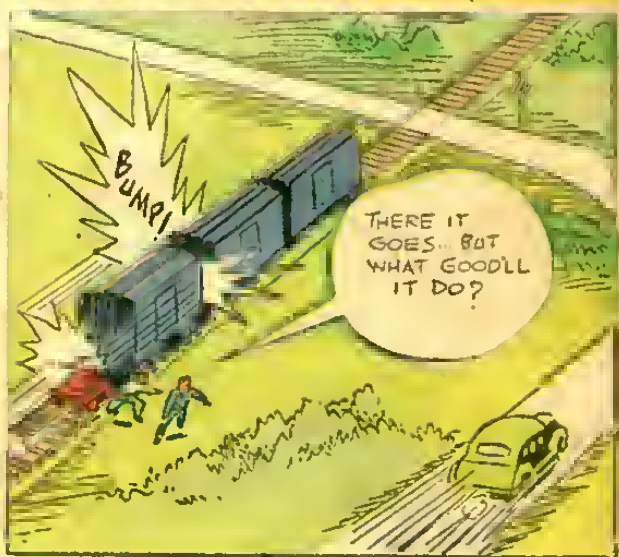
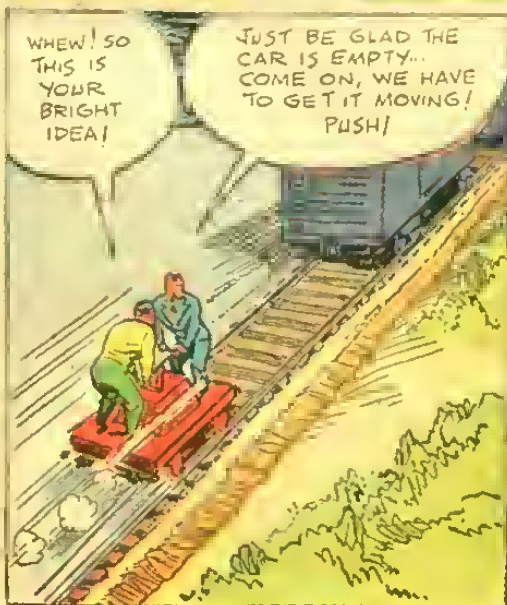
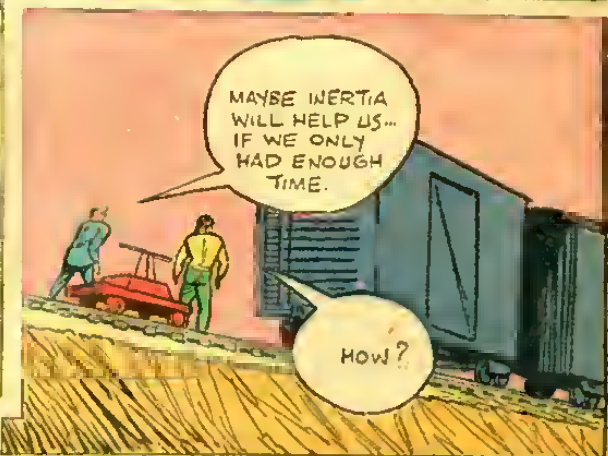
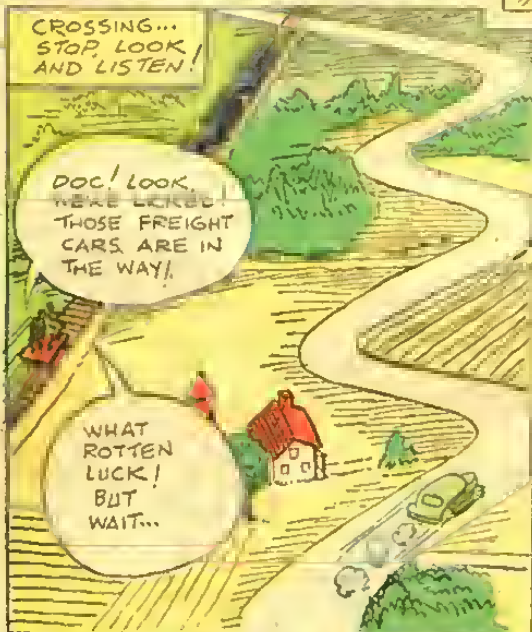
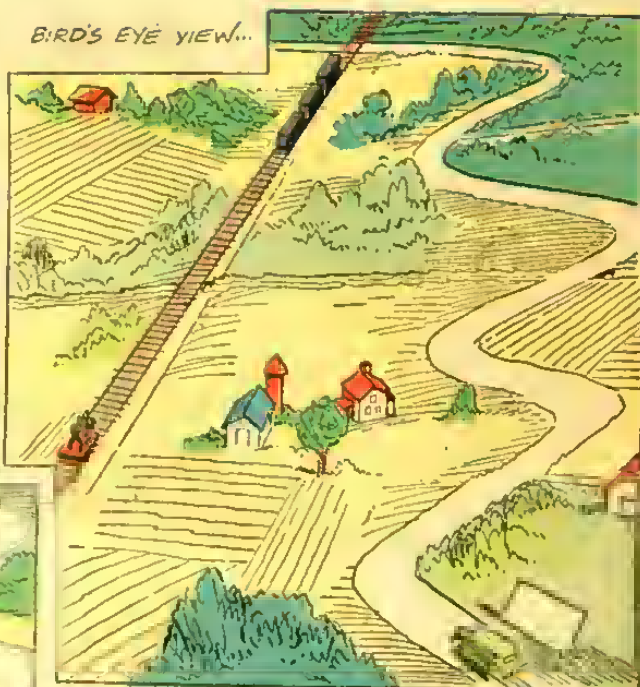
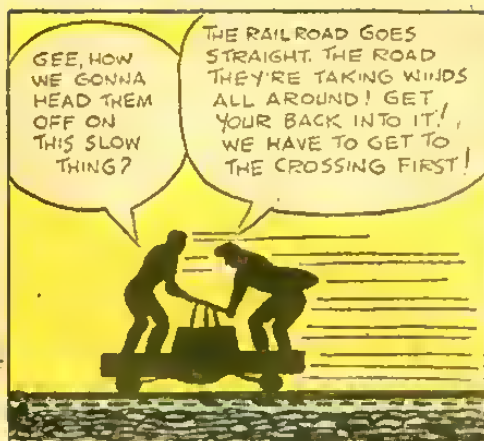
WONDER
HOW THE
CROOKS
STALLED
THE LOCO?

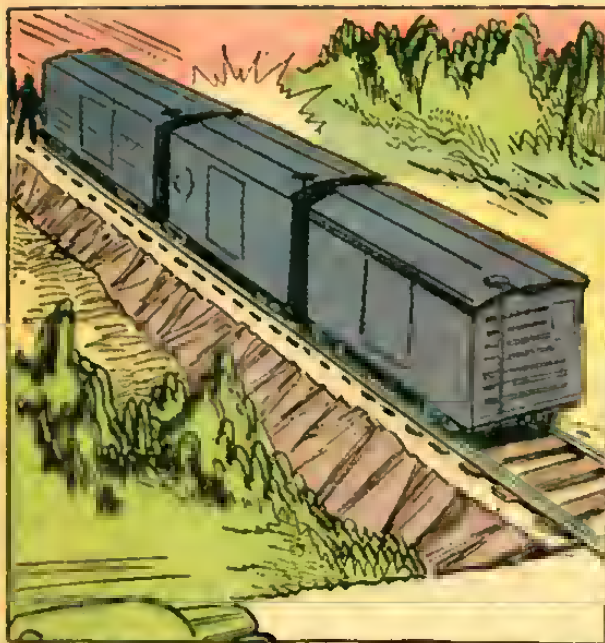
NO TIME FOR THAT
NOW... WE HAVE TO
HURRY... THERE'S A
CROSSING ABOUT FOUR
MILES DOWN... WE
HAVE TO HEAD OFF
THE CROOKS!



THE ENGINEER IS STILL PUZZLED...

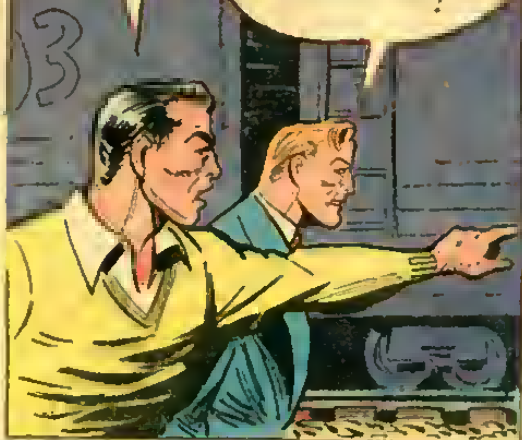
I DON'T GET IT! EVERYTHING
IS IN FINE SHAPE... BUT THE
BLASTED THING WON'T GO!
WHAT'D THOSE CROOKS DO?





HERE COME THE
CROOKS AND
WE CAN'T
STOP THEM!

DON'T BE TOO
SURE. INERTIA
IS HARD AT WORK
FOR US! WATCH
THE FAR CAR,
THE ONE NEAR
THE CROOKS!



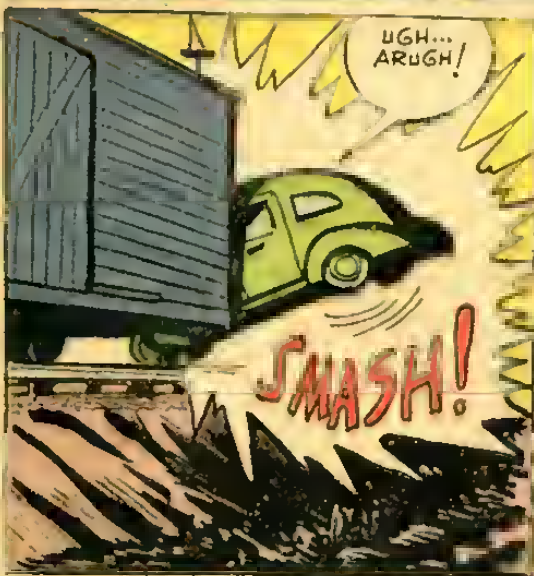
SUDDENLY, LIKE A THING
ALIVE, THE LAST FREIGHT
CAR SLAMS INTO MOTION...
JUST IN TIME TO...

HEY! THE CAR...
LOOK OUT!



UGH...
ARUGH!

SMASH!

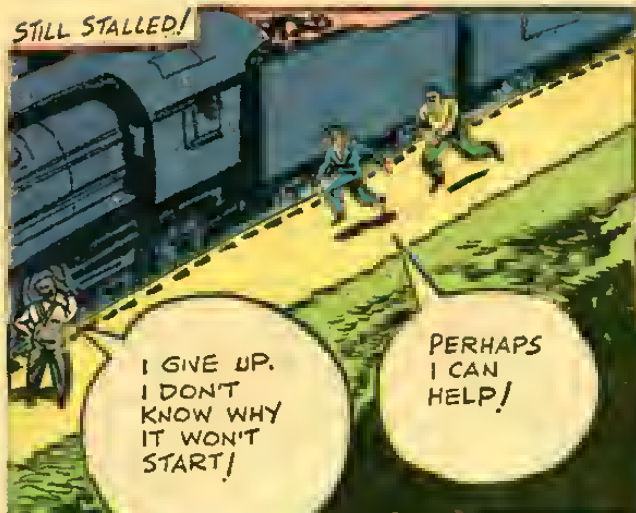


WHEW... I GUESS
THEY'LL WAIT
FOR THE COPS
!

GUESS WE DON'T
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT THEM. WE
BETTER GET BACK
TO THE TRAIN!



STILL STALLED!



I GIVE UP.
I DON'T
KNOW WHY
IT WON'T
START!

PERHAPS
I CAN
HELP!

THERE'S YOUR TROUBLE.
THEY PUT A DIME UNDER
YOUR TWO FRONT WHEELS!
THAT PREVENTED
THE LOCO FROM
BEING ABLE TO
GET ANY TRACTION!

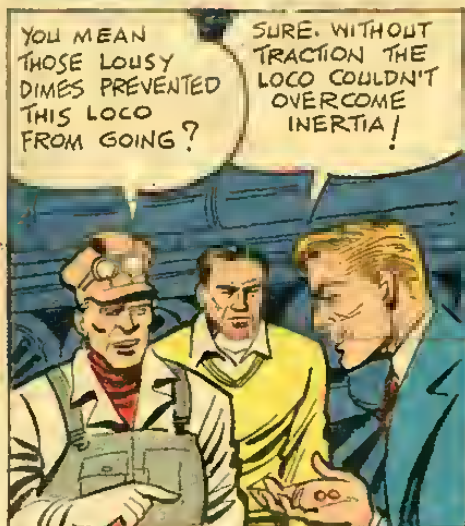


I JUST HEARD
THE STATE
TROOPERS
PICKED UP
THE BANDITS

GOOD. HAVE YOU
FIGURED OUT HOW
INERTIA HELPED
US TO STOP THE
CROOKS?

YOU MEAN
THOSE LOUSY
DIMES PREVENTED
THIS LOCO
FROM GOING?

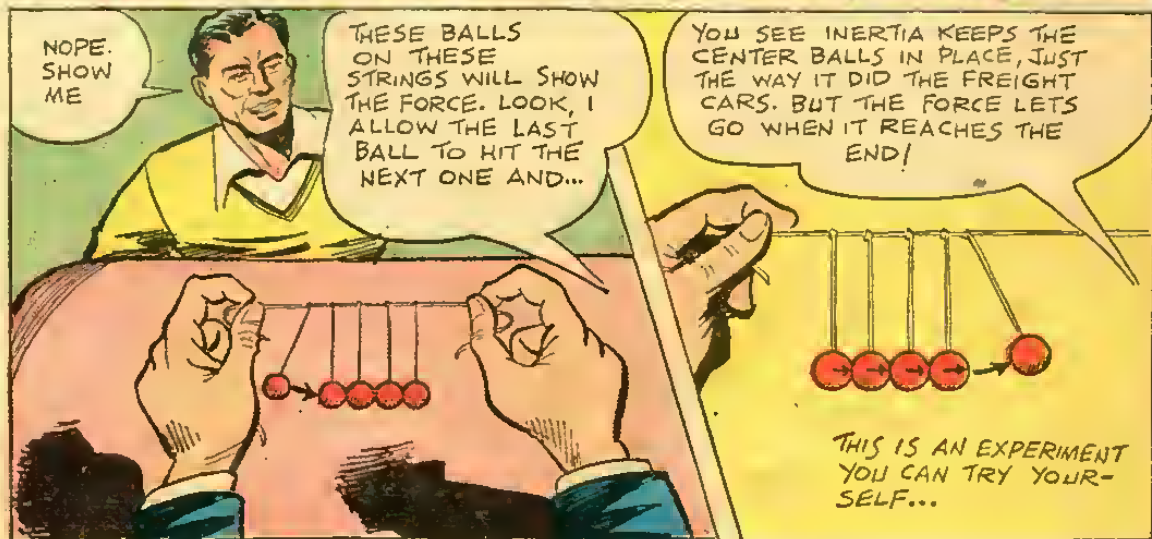
SURE. WITHOUT
TRACTION THE
LOCO COULDN'T
OVERCOME
INERTIA!



NOPE.
SHOW
ME

THESE BALLS
ON THESE
STRINGS WILL SHOW
THE FORCE. LOOK, I
ALLOW THE LAST
BALL TO HIT THE
NEXT ONE AND...

YOU SEE INERTIA KEEPS THE
CENTER BALLS IN PLACE, JUST
THE WAY IT DID THE FREIGHT
CARS. BUT THE FORCE LETS
GO WHEN IT REACHES THE
END!



THIS IS AN EXPERIMENT
YOU CAN TRY YOUR-
SELF...

FLATTY FOOTE

NIGHTMARE VALLEY

JEWELER

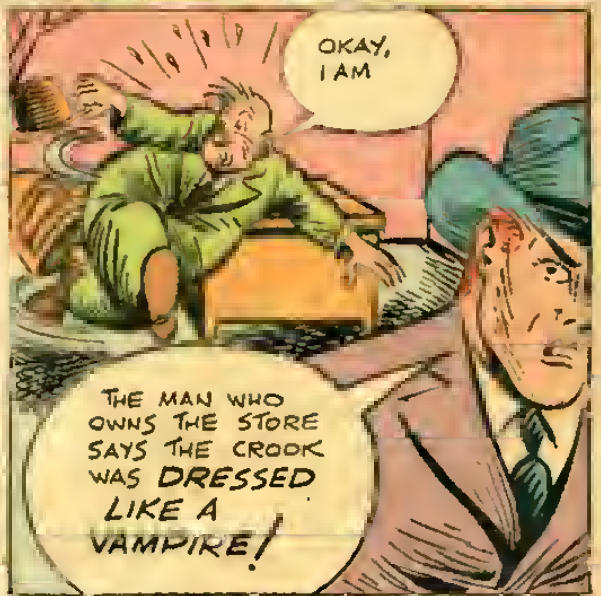
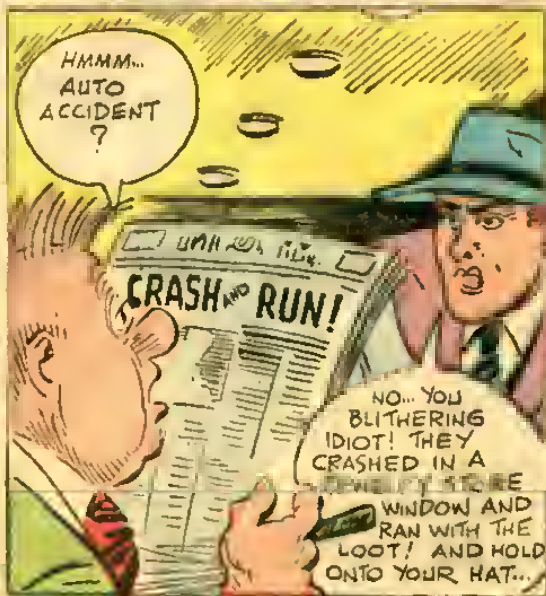
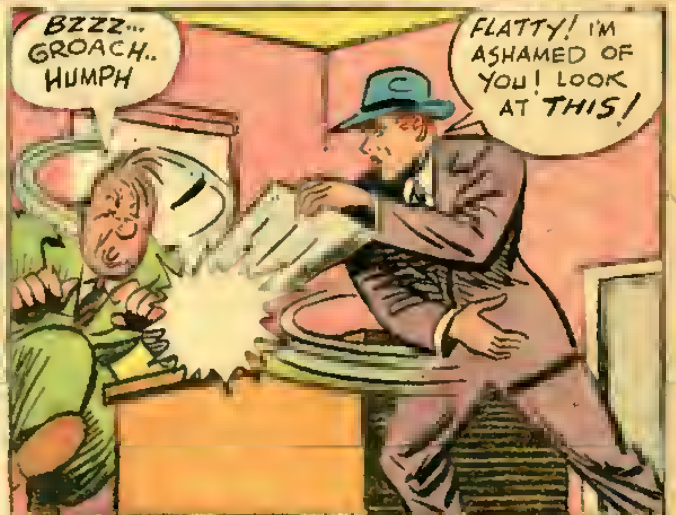
SEE
TERROR
TALES

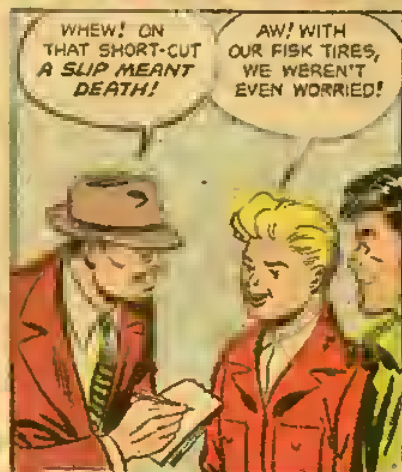
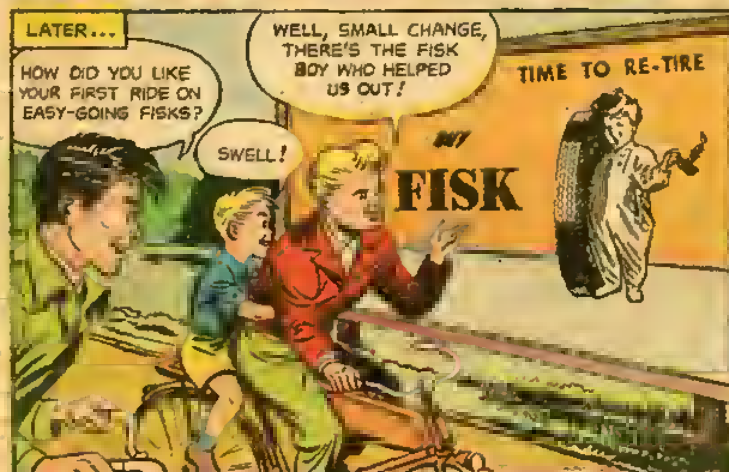
YOU
REMEMBER
THAT LAST
MONTH, FLATTY
HAD A NIGHT-
MARE THAT
SCARED HIM
OUT OF A YEAR'S
GROWTH... WELL,
THIS MONTH
HE FINDS THAT
NIGHTMARES
CAN COME
TRUE

GEE, AFTER DREAMING I
WAS A VAMPIRE, IT'S A
SHOCK TO SEE A GUY
MADE UP AS ONE!

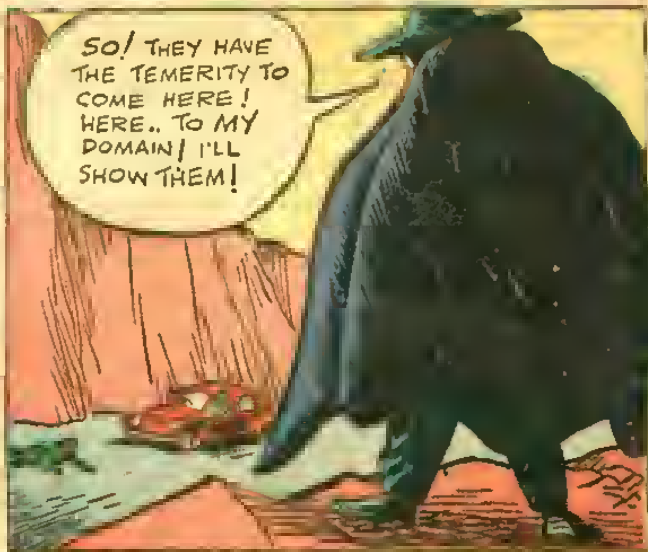
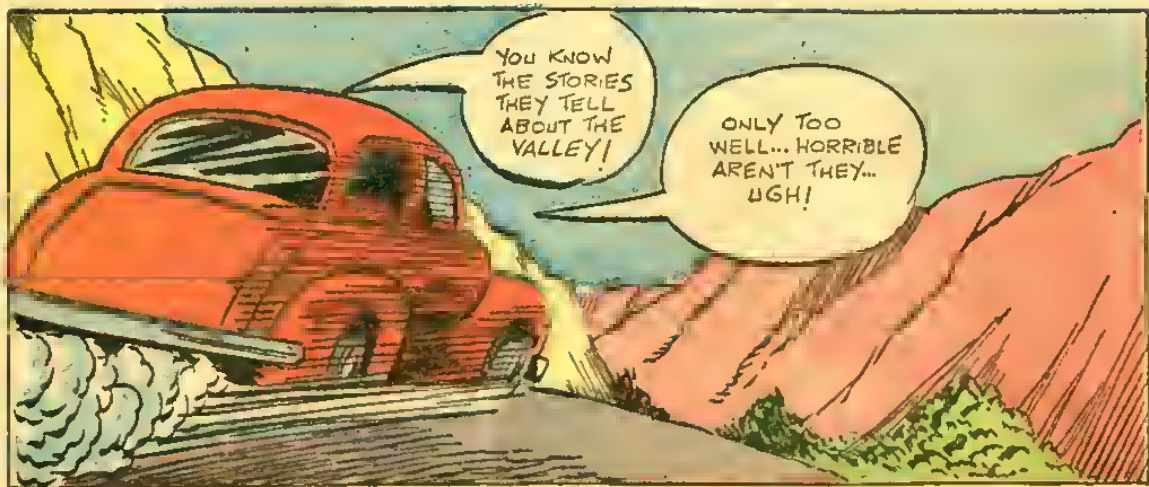
TISH..TUSH..AS
THOUGH
THERE WERE
SUCH
THINGS!

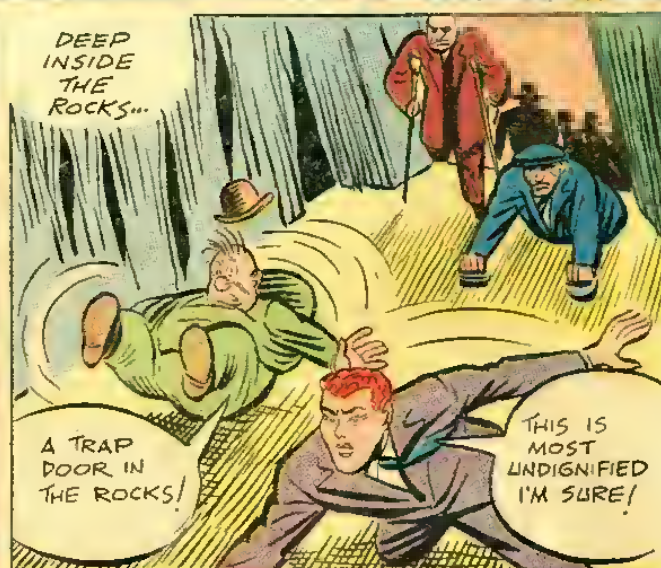


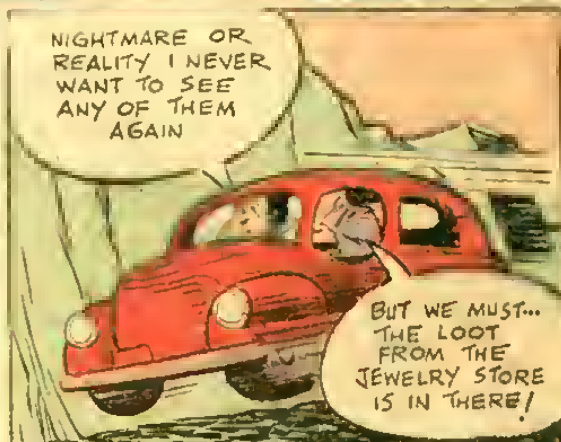
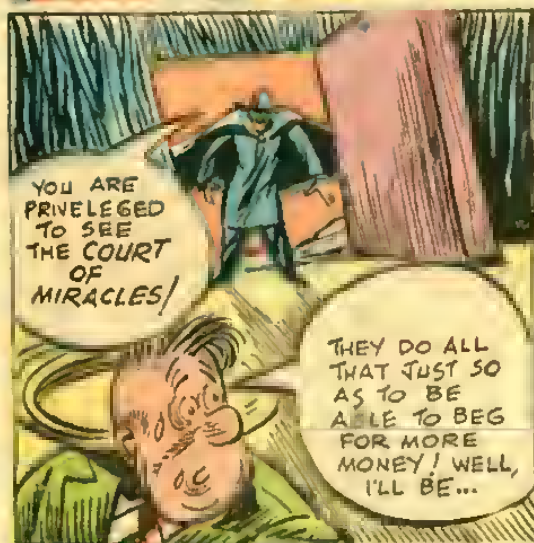




FISK BIKE TIRES







DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S FLATTY FOOTE! WHAT NEW TERRORS AWAIT OUR DAUNTLESS DUO?

BING DALGREN FAMOUS BARN MYSTERY

SOLVES THE



ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES ACCIDENTALLY "BUSTED" BY THE NOTED NEWSPAPER REPORTER OF THE TIMES-NEWS—

STORY & PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER



WELL, IF IT ISN'T BING DALGREN!

HI, GEORGE—YEP, THE PAPER THOUGHT I NEEDED A COMPLETE REST—

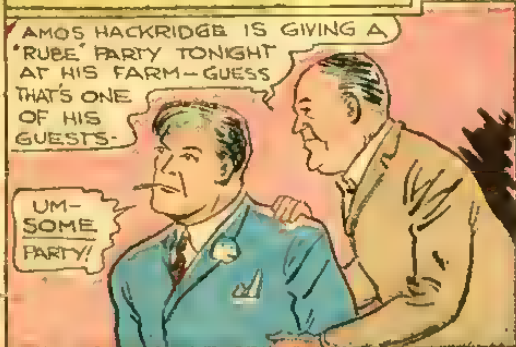


SOMEWHERE I'VE SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE—HE'S NO FARMER—



TIRED FROM OVERWORK, BING DALGREN RELUCTANTLY WENT TO A SMALL TOWN INN WHERE THE PROPRIETOR WAS HIS FRIEND—DALGREN SOUGHT REST AND QUIET—

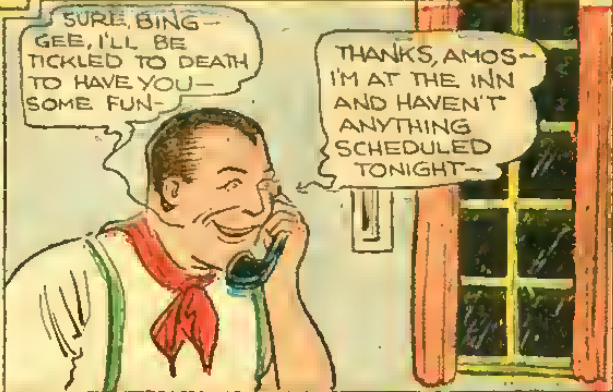
WHILE THE FAMOUS REPORTER WAS FINISHING DINNER, A MAN IN FARM CLOTHES PASSED THROUGH—DALGREN SEEMED FAMILIAR WITH THE STRANGER'S FACE—



AMOS HACKRIDGE IS GIVING A "RUBE" PARTY TONIGHT AT HIS FARM—GUESS THAT'S ONE OF HIS GUESTS—

UM—SOME PARTY!

THE PROPRIETOR TOLD BING THAT AMOS HACKRIDGE, THE CELEBRATED BAND LEADER, WHO HAD A COUNTRY PLACE NEARBY, WAS GIVING A "HICK PARTY" THAT NIGHT—



SURE, BING—GEE, I'LL BE TICKLED TO DEATH TO HAVE YOU—SOME FUN—

THANKS, AMOS—I'M AT THE INN AND HAVEN'T ANYTHING SCHEDULED TONIGHT—

BING WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF HACKRIDGE AND HE PHONED THE BAND LEADER FOR AN INVITATION—HACKRIDGE WAS DELIGHTED TO HAVE THE NOTED NEWSPERMAN ATTEND—



AMONG THOSE PRESENT WERE MUSICIANS, RADIO AND SCREEN STARS, COMEDIANS AND SEVERAL THEATRICAL PRODUCERS—ALL WORE MASKS FOR SOME GAMES—

WELL, BING, IF BROADWAY COULD ONLY SEE YOU NOW!!

WANT ANY COWS MILKED, AMOS?

SO THE APPLICANT SAID TO THE BOSS, "I WANT LIGHT FACTORY WORK"—THE BOSS SAID, "DO YOU THINK OUR FACTORY IS DARK?"

THAT'S BUNNY BRYSON OF THE BUNCHY-LUNCHY RADIO SHOW—

RIGHT!

ALL PRESENT HAD TO A SPECIALTY ACT FOR WHICH THEY WERE FAMOUS AND WEARING MASKS SO THAT THE GUESTS HAD TO GUESS WHO EACH PERFORMER WAS—A PRIZE WAS GIVEN TO THE ONE FIRST IDENTIFYING THE ARTIST—

THE HOST PROVIDED BING WITH A "RUBE" COSTUME SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE OTHER MALE GUESTS—

-AND FOR BONNIE ANNIE LAURIE I'D LAY ME DOON AND DEE—

THAT BIRD CERTAINLY CLICKS WITH ME—BUT HOW?

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON—

GREAT VOICE BUT I CAN'T PLACE HIM—

I'VE HEARD IT SOMEPLACE—

ONE OF THEM WAS A MALE SINGER WHOM NONE COULD IDENTIFY—HIS VOICE, HOWEVER, WAS FAMILIAR—THOSE NOT IDENTIFIED LEFT THE ROOM—

DALGREN TRIED HIS TRAINED BEST TO "SPOT" THE SONGSTER—

THAT'S ALL THERE IS—THERE ISN'T ANY MORE—

YOU'RE TRIXIE WILDER—YOUR LATEST PICTURE WAS "DARK HOLLOW"—

BUTLER, HOW MANY PERSONS WERE INVITED TO MR. HACKRIDGE'S PARTY TONIGHT?

THIRTY-SIX, SIR—

ANOTHER MASKED GUEST—A WOMAN—THEN GAVE IMITATIONS FOR WHICH SHE WAS NOTED—

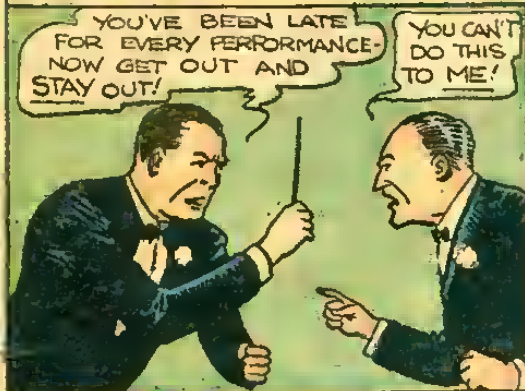
FOLLOWING THIS, DALGREN WENT TO THE BUTLER AND INQUIRED HOW MANY GUESTS HAD BEEN INVITED—HE WAS TOLD 36—BING HAD COUNTED 37—OBVIOUSLY, ONE WAS A "GATE-CRASHER"



CHIEF, I'VE JUST FOUND
"THE MAD SINGER" WHO
DISAPPEARED SEVERAL
YEARS AGO—
HE'S ATTEND-
ING A PARTY
GIVEN BY
AMOS HACKRIDGE—
LOOK FOR A
STORY FROM
ME—
GOODBYE—

DALGREN LEFT THE ROOM UNNOTICED AND FOUND
A PHONE IN A CLOSET—HE CALLED HIS MANAGING
EDITOR, JOHN FEELEY, AND WHISPERED SOME NEWS—

WHO WAS THAT EXTRA UNINVIT-
ED PERSON? COULD IT BE THE
FAMILIAR FACE BING HAD
SEEN AT THE INN A FEW
HOURS BEFORE?



YOU'VE BEEN LATE
FOR EVERY PERFORMANCE—
NOW GET OUT AND
STAY OUT!

YOU CAN'T
DO THIS
TO ME!

THE MAN KNOWN AS "THE MAD SINGER"
HAD ONCE BEEN A STAR ON BROADWAY—
HE'D SUNG YEARS BEFORE WITH AMOS
HACKRIDGE'S BAND—PROVING UNRELI-
ABLE HACKRIDGE HAD FIRED HIM—



LISTEN, FOLKS,
WE'RE NOW
GOING TO HAVE
A FARM HUNT—

HUNT FOR
WHAT,
AMOS?

DID
YOU
HIDE THE
COWS,
AMOS?



THAT'S
STRANGE—
THERE'S ONLY
36 NOW—

THE FINAL GAME OF THE EVENING WAS A
CONTEST—EACH GUEST WAS TO LEAVE THE
HOUSE ALONE IN TURN AND FIND A FARM
OBJECT IN THE DARK—THE ONE BRINGING
IN THE MOST UNIQUE ARTICLE WOULD WIN
A PRIZE—EVERYBODY NOW UNMASKED—

BEFORE THE FIRST CONTESTANT LEFT THE
HOUSE DALGREN COUNTED THE GUESTS
AGAIN—THERE WERE 36 THIS TIME—



WHAT, HO—

YEP—I
FOUND A
HOE—

THE FIRST MAN RETURNED WITH A HOE—



I GUESS A RAKE
WON'T COUNT MUCH
WITH THIS GANG—

OTHER GUESTS SINGLY WENT OUT
INTO THE NIGHT AND RETURNED
WITH FAMILIAR FARM IMPLEMENTS—



OH, YOU CITY SLICKERS—
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT A
FARM BANDLEADER
CAN FIND—

WHY, AMOS, I WAS
RAISED ON A FARM
BEFORE I HIT
BROADWAY—

THE HOST, AMOS HACKRIDGE, THEN LEFT TO
FIND AN ARTICLE —



THE NIGHT WAS DARK BUT THE BAND
LEADER KNEW THE PATH TO HIS OWN
BARN —



HE'LL PROBABLY
COME BACK
WITH A
TRACTOR
IN HIS
ARMS—

THERE
HE
GOES—

THE GUESTS INSIDE WERE JOSHING
ABOUT HACKRIDGE HAVING THE AD-
VANTAGE OF THEM—HE WOULD PROBABLY
SPRING A FUNNY SURPRISE —



HEY, AMOS!

AMOS, AMOS,
LISTEN—FUN'S
FUN, BUT THIS
IS ENOUGH!

OH,
AMOS,
CUT THE
CLOWNING!

A HALF HOUR PASSED AND HACKRIDGE HADN'T RETURNED—THE GUESTS FINALLY BECAME
ALARMED—A SEARCH WAS INSTITUTED FOR HIM—THE VISITORS, THOUGH UNFAMILIAR
WITH THE FARM LAYOUT, STUMBLED THROUGH THE DARK AND LOOKED IN MANY OF
THE OUTBUILDINGS—HACKRIDGE HAD VANISHED LIKE A GHOST —

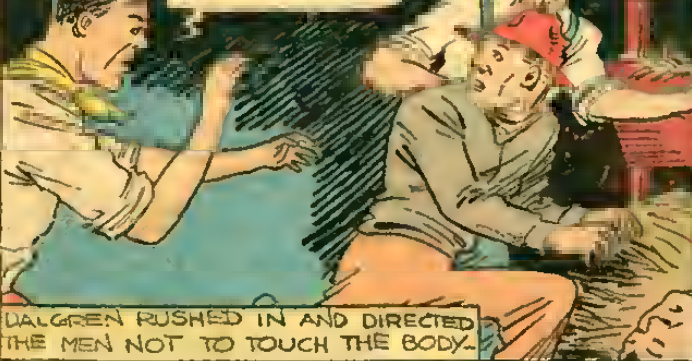
FUNNY WHERE
THE BOSS WENT,
CY-

HACKRIDGE'S FARM HANDS WERE CALLED AND
THEY BROUGHT LARGE FLASHLIGHTS- SEVERAL
OF THE MEN WENT INTO THE BARN —

HE'S
DEAD!

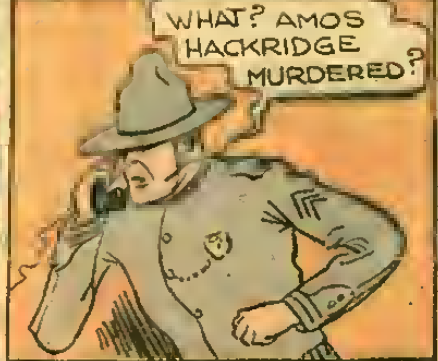
THERE LAY THE DEAD BODY OF
AMOS HACKRIDGE, THE FAMOUS
BAND LEADER, PARTLY COVERED
WITH STRAW—HE HAD BEEN
SHOT TO DEATH —

WAIT, BOYS, DON'T
DISTURB THE BODY—
HOLD EVERYTHING
FOR THE POLICE—



DALGREN RUSHED IN AND DIRECTED
THE MEN NOT TO TOUCH THE BODY.

WHAT? AMOS
HACKRIDGE
MURDERED?



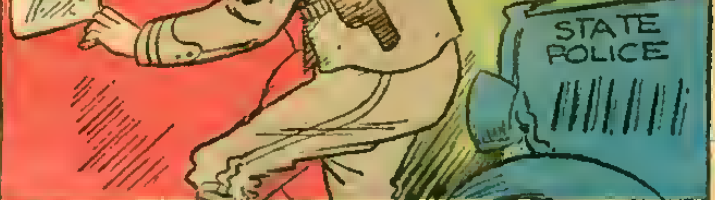
AMOS HACKRIDGE, FAMOUS
BAND LEADER, WAS SLAIN
IN THE BARN OF HIS
COUNTRY ESTATE TONIGHT
AT CRETONA BETWEEN 10:30
AND 11 O'CLOCK BY DERRY
MEACHAM, "THE MAD SINGER"—
(MORE TO COME)

ME?



THEN THE NOTED REPORTER
DASHED TO THE PHONE AND
CALLED THE STATE POLICE,
ADVISING THEM TO COME
IMMEDIATELY TO THE HACK-
RIDGE FARM AND TO WATCH
FOR DERRY MEACHAM, "THE
MAD SINGER"—

YES, YOU!—GET OUT OF
THAT CAR, MEACHAM—
I'M TAKING YOU
TO HEADQUARTERS!

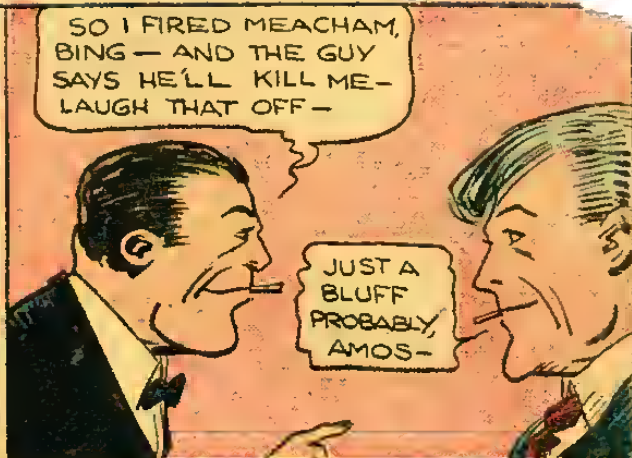


THE STATE POLICE BLOCKED ALL ROADS AND
AT 2:45 A.M. THEY STOPPED "THE MAD SINGER'S"
CAR AND ARRESTED HIM —

ING THIS DALGREN PHONED
TO THE TIMES—NEWS
OM AND ASKED THAT
OLD THE STORY FOR
ION—THEN "BREAK" IT—



I DIDN'T DO IT—
I DIDN'T DO IT!

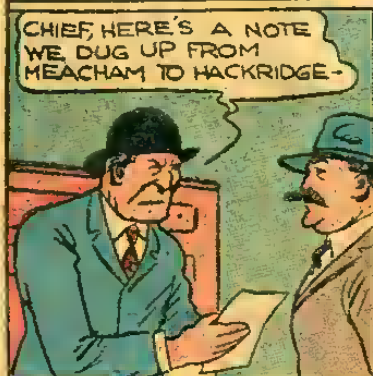


SO I FIRED MEACHAM,
BING— AND THE GUY
SAYS HE'LL KILL ME—
LAUGH THAT OFF—

JUST A
BLUFF
PROBABLY,
AMOS—

THE MURDER CAUSED A NATION-WIDE
SENSATION— BUT WHY DID 'DERRY'
MEACHAM KILL AMOS HACKRIDGE?
GRILLED BY THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
AND POLICE MEACHAM DENIED
GUILT—

DALGREN CHARGED HIM WITH THE SLAYING—
ONE NIGHT, YEARS BEFORE, HACKRIDGE,
WHO HAD "FIRED" THE MAD SINGER" CON-
FIDED TO HIS FRIEND DALGREN THAT MEACHAM
HAD THREATENED HIS LIFE—MEACHAM HAD
EVEN WRITTEN A NOTE TO THAT EFFECT—



CHIEF, HERE'S A NOTE
WE DUG UP FROM
MEACHAM TO HACKRIDGE—

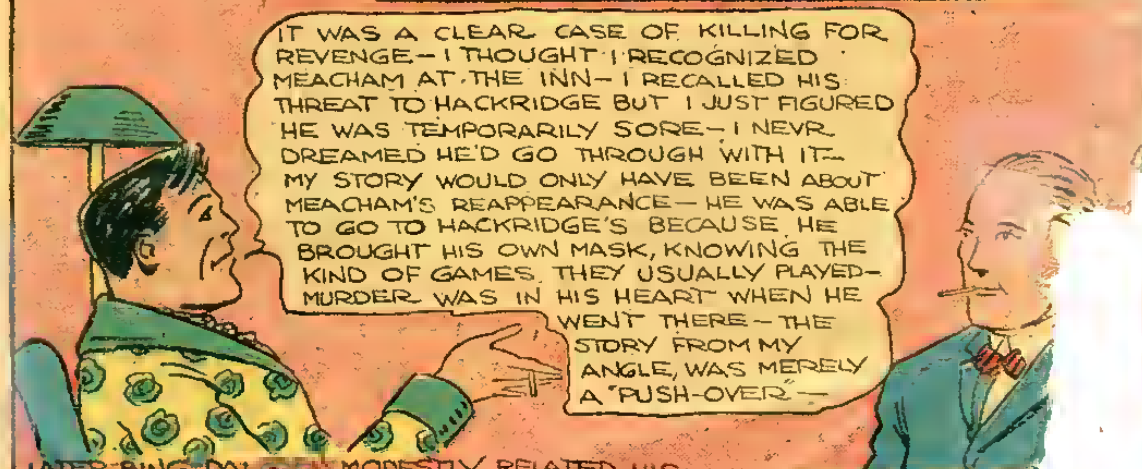
THIS NOTE WAS FOUND
LATER IN HACKRIDGE'S FILES!
THE ORCHESTRA LEADER HAD
IGNORED IT—

THE GUY WASN'T A
NATURAL CRIMINAL, JOE, BE-
CAUSE HE TOSSED THIS
GUN AWAY WITH
HIS FINGER—
PRINTS ON
IT—

TAKE IT TO
THE BALLISTIC
EXPERT, MAC—



OUTSIDE THE BARN THE OFFICERS FOUND A PISTOL
WITH THREE EMPTY CHAMBERS—IT PROVED TO BE
MEACHAM'S—MEACHAM WENT TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
FOR PREMEDITATED MURDER—



IT WAS A CLEAR CASE OF KILLING FOR
REVENGE—I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED
MEACHAM AT THE INN—I RECALLED HIS
THREAT TO HACKRIDGE BUT I JUST FIGURED
HE WAS TEMPORARILY SORE—I NEVER
DREAMED HE'D GO THROUGH WITH IT—
MY STORY WOULD ONLY HAVE BEEN ABOUT
MEACHAM'S REAPPEARANCE—HE WAS ABLE
TO GO TO HACKRIDGE'S BECAUSE HE
BROUGHT HIS OWN MASK, KNOWING THE
KIND OF GAMES THEY USUALLY PLAYED—
MURDER WAS IN HIS HEART WHEN HE
WENT THERE—THE
STORY FROM MY
ANGLE, WAS MERELY
A "PUSH-OVER"—

LATER BING DALGREN MODESTLY RELATED HIS
PART IN THE 'SCOOP' THAT MADE HIS NAME A
BY-WORD IN THE NEWSPAPER WORLD—

THORNTON #12